THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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THE VALUES OF DISCONTENT

IT appears to us that the singular episode that figured so largely for a day or two in the newspapers —the demonstration in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York by the sympathizers with Communism, who invaded even the sacrosanct precincts of the diamond horse-shoe singing the International hymn of revolt, passed by without receiving the attention which it deserved. There is matter in it for at least a chapter in a Philosophy of Discontent. Or, anyhow, a footnote. The newspapers contented themselves with reporting the affair under the usual big headlines, with which they emphasize those events considered startling enough to merit "first-page" publication. The effect of such an incident, reported in such a way, is something like a loud scream heard in the night on a lonely road, with nothing further happening. We who hear it are frightened, or stirred into a useless desire to understand the mystery which it indicates, but there is nothing to guide us, or to allay our fears.

The pouring of that great throng of working people into the huge temple of music—and of fashionable, wealthy society—was an impressive, if vague, demonstration of the fact that there exists in our midst a mass of mostly unformulated, yet very real discontent with the present conditions of American life. To consider it a symbol or even a portent of an acutely revolutionary movement, would be to exaggerate it out of all proper proportions. But to dismiss it as being of no importance would be an even worse mistake. That is why the silence of the editorial pages of our press concerning the matter seems disquieting. No doubt a series of such demonstrations might cause fear. We prefer to hope that they might finally bring us to see, vividly and really, the distress, the dreariness, the slovenly human waste of the civilization we seem so complacently to accept. "Seem" is here a very appropriate word. Less and less is it true that Americans complacently accept their civilization as the best possible, or the most desirable. Half of our country is leaning over the fence deciding what is the matter with itself. No American farmer is too isolated, no village street is too dull, to forego its share of a perennial phillipic.

We incline to think that this is as it should be. Expression of discontent is the privilege of democracy; repression of discontent is the doom of tyranny. The Revolution overwhelmed France, not because the Encyclopedia was written, but because it was suppressed. Louis XVI would have saved his throne if he had hired a hundred disconcerting orators; he lost it because he paid the Swiss Guard. And so it has always been a hopeful sign of our national vitality that criticism of things as they are, has continued to be vigorous

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and unresting. Historically we have never been satisfied with one another. Our Puritans make up a goodly list that extends from fiery Cotton Mather to efficient Mr. Volstead; our anti-Puritans reach all the merry way from Morton to Mencken. An earnest American can still organize a movement in any direction anywhere. So long as these movements remain within the proper limits of public demonstration, they will be the safety valves of democracy, at their lowest value, and as storm signals, portentous but invaluable, when they become more serious.

Human nature is intrinsically negligent. It loves to see itself in deshabille. That is why the grand pose of romanticism, which was essentially a display of the human mind taking off the collars and cuffs of cultural tailoring, proved so contagiously attractive. But the turn of the century has taught us once again that the law of society is order, thereby drumming home a truth which at heart we always recognize. Notice how stubbornly we rebel when conditions which are attractive to us individually, become dominant in society. Every father's son likes to put down his pipe where he finishes smoking it, and is converted only by the pressure of exquisitely detailed feminine policing. But running automobiles down a street requires a law, the violation of which arouses even the least warlike citizen to wrath. In short, our universal discontent is really the result of the constant opposites of individual preference and social necessity. It is the discomfort we suffer for the priceless privilege of joining the crowd.

Such discontent is natural and salutary. But it needs the perennial stabilizing influence of a philosophy. It is true that Shakespeare tells us—"there never was a philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently," but we may well conceive of a sage who could bear it wisely. Philosophy is, after all, poise. And this is what neither the Communist, nor his enemy the miser, has managed to acquire. Theirs is no reasoned progress from malady to cure—from malformation to adjustment. They care nothing—perhaps know nothing—of the great calm of order. Each is determined to go "whole hog" or none, regardless of the welfare of that vast throng of average, normal people who must base the preamble of the Constitution upon social peace. There is every reason to believe that we, as a people, need to repeat untiringly the simple principles of the philosophy of discontent, in so far as they affect economic conditions. It is not wrong to protest, nor necessarily wise to accept the status quo. Immortal sanity lies in adjustment—in dove-tailing realities with ideals and dreams.

Nor are economic relationships the only matters worthy of consideration from this angle. Our cultural life is in a state of unprofitable ferment, because unthinking complacency on the one hand and angry rebellion on the other, forget that no maker of a great building, image, or book ever safely neglected the law of equilibrium. Ideas asleep or intoxicated, are just like men in similar states—dull or mad, neither beautiful nor true. The citizen indifferent to cultural or moral values is none the less marred by his deprivation of them. He is like the unforgettable Jean Jacques who, worried by doubts of his salvation, decided to rest his destiny upon the toss of a coin. He threw stones at a tree—a hit would mean Heaven; a miss, Hell. The result reassured him forever more. He did not miss because he had taken the precaution to choose a buxom tree! We cannot help feeling, however, that his complacency did not altogether determine his eternal geography—just as we cannot help thinking that the American who cares nothing about the spiritual atmosphere of America is giving his own rating in the Book of Life. Yet his neighbor, the vehement faddist, the 99 percent artistic temperament, is generally as ridiculously unpoised as the same Jean Jacques dropping tears on the bosom of Zulietta. He, too, needs the saving wisdom of discontent.

We have, finally, no better way of making the point than to call attention to a certain strange misapprehension which underlies much current warfare upon the Church. People seem to regret the orderly service which Catholic institutions are rendering the common national life; they seem to think that every time a saving hand is offered, a grasping hand is also thrust out. It is their firm conviction that the attainment of vast power over temporal affairs is a secret ecclesiastical goal. This is so far from the historic and plain truth that it is almost a fit subject for comedy. In one of Unamuno's essays there is a beautiful interpretation of the Escurial—that palace of the Spanish kings where, as Jeremy Taylor tells us, "their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more." And this is what Unamuno finds—the palace, in all its severe simplicity, is a residence humbly designed by those who knew that their earthly life was only a losing warfare; who hoped for their beatitude in one of the many mansions builded in a country where all conquests would have ended; and who had long since given up the dream that earth might ever be richer than glittering dust. That palace is an apt symbol of a creed which has preached nothing so continually as a Divine philosophy of discontent.

When Francis came down from his mountain, five wounds throbbed in his limbs and side—but he had sung the Canticle of the Sun. Just so it is the age-old conviction of a sacred civilization builded out of the ruins of a tired empire, that man's joy, both individual and social, depends upon his having felt the bitter pang of imperfection that comes with having dreamed of the doom of death. That discontent is the secret source of poise. It alone makes possible the aery equilibrium with which we build well, because we know that all our towers must fall.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

HENRY JONES FORD JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES HENRY LONGAN STUART

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE T. LAWRASON RIGGS

R. DANA SKINNER

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WEEK BY WEEK

IN CONNECTION with the article published elsewhere in this number of The Commonweal, dealing with the influence of an anti-Catholic movement in Germany on the fortunes of Herr Marx, it may be pertinent to quote what the London Tablet has to say on the subject—"It would be unfair and untrue to say that religious questions were preponderant in the average German mind when the electors had to decide between the Protestant von Hindenburg and the Catholic Marx; indeed, we are well aware that many Catholics, especially in Bavaria, voted against Herr Marx; and that many Protestants and men of no religion at all voted for him. Still, while admitting that the religious issue was secondary, we must point out that it was not inconsiderable. As the Field-Marshal beat the Catholic lawyer by only 3 percent of the total votes recorded, we might go so far as to say that religious passions probably account for this narrow margin of votes going to Marshal von Hindenburg's side of the line."

THE Tablet continues—"While no story has come to our ears of any Catholic voter being asked to shun the Field-Marshal because he does not belong to the Catholic Church, we have been receiving reports daily, for two months at least, that the electors, especially the women in those exceptional districts where Protestantism is still a force, have been urged not to vote for a Catholic in any circumstances whatever. Less than half a million votes thus forced against the grain of German politics by religious fanatics would explain the Catholic ex-Chancellor's defeat. Which way will the defenders of Lutheranism have it? Either the Church of the ex-Kaiser is so weak that it pulled practically no weight in the election, or it is strong and its strength has been used to give the reactionaries a victory and to upset the resettlement of Europe. Mr. Gerard goes so far as to say that what has happened will mean the end of the Dawes Plan. We are not competent to say whether he is right or wrong. But we do say that the religious question ought not to have been forced forward, and that if dying German Protestantism did indeed turn the scale, it is not making a good death."

MR. BRYAN has evidently made up his mind to become an honest Presbyterian bulwark. Having shaken his fist in wrath at the scientific mind, he recently appeared in a more constructive attitude at the speakers' table upon the occasion of the centennial dinner of the American Tract Society. How soothing it must have been for the Great Commoner to reflect that the Society has distributed more than eight million pieces of literature, without losing track of one! Most of this vast bulk was written in foreign languages and thereby suited to circumnavigate the globe with that appealing, uplifting and perfectly orthodox commodity known as a tract. It is of incidental interest to know that the Society is planning a drive to finance a vast flinging abroad of Spanish literature. At first one wonders if King Alfonso's subjects are to be enriched by the addition of sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of reading material to what has already been supplied by the unctuous Mr. Ibañez—but the wonder vanishes when we remember that South America is not so difficult to permeate as is the ancient land of the Infantas. The population of the neighboring hemisphere pines in a darkness, which has as yet not been thoroughly illuminated by tracts. Something so benighted as a traditional Catholic belief exists there. What could be a better field for an energetic and enlightened Society? Opportunities in the United States are after all woefully circumscribed—religious instruction and spiritual reading are universal in our midst, and the Tennessee legislature is fully equipped to take care of such a bogey as evolution. But think of the vast magnitude of Chile and Peru! The field for tracts in such districts is practically unlimited. Incidentally, the Society ought to be pleased to realize that if there is any land to which the Catholic of the United States is indifferent, and about which he knows practically nothing, that land is South America. We are grateful for the reminder.

IT has been a week of recognition for feminine achievement. Scarcely had the news been spread that Charlotte Cushman, beloved by a generation of playgoers, was to find a place in the Hall of Fame, than the Academy of Sciences severed its very masculine ranks to admit a woman scientist. Dr. Florence Sabin

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is worthy of the honor. Like Madame Curie she has explored problems of great interest to a mankind which forever longs to be cured of its ills. There is obviously no longer any need for proving that the mind of woman is capable of sustained and serious effort, and we read great Aristotle's remarks on the sex with an effervescent impatience. What could a conservative and semi-barbaric Greek know of womanhood, which was lifted up by a sacred symbol during the centuries after his death? We are inclined to believe, however, that the humiliation of the Stagirite would be abysmal if he could look into the achievements of Mrs. Hannah Lord Montague. One hundred years ago she bestowed upon mere man a blessing which he was apparently unable to provide for himself. She separated him forever from the uncomfortable environment which had fenced in such worthies as Sidney and Shakespeare. For it was she who invented the detachable collar. The conservative-minded will not begrudge Mrs. Montague the most sonorous blasts of fame. Her greatness, they may reflect, was achieved by attending to the needs of him who sometimes still longs to be considered the lord and master—even the central attraction of this world. As for the revolutionaries, they may find consolation in the fact that Mrs. Montague was truly a liberator—a breaker-up of prisons—even if she cannot wholly be freed of the charge of having let loose some particularly omnipresent advertising.

FOR an outsider probably the most interesting item in the budget of the Irish Free State is the subvention to the Abbey Theatre. The amount given would be reckoned as a very small one in London, and in New York it would about pay a week's rent in a Broadway theatre—it is £850. In Dublin this sum, small as it is, can be reckoned on as a real aid in the production of real drama. The Irish theatre is not yet a quarter of a century in being. But it represents an accomplishment of European importance. And it is fitting that it should be recognized by the government—for the little theatre in Abbey Street and in other by-streets in Dublin was a potent force in the strengthening of Irish nationality, and consequently in the making of the new Irish state. The Irish Free State government is the first government in any English-speaking country to give a subsidy to a theatre.

WE in America have a special interest in the Dublin theatre—the impulse towards the creation of the little theatres here came from the success of that venture. And we owe to it, too, such personages in our theatre as Mr. Dudley Digges and Mr. J. M. Kerrigan. Indeed on everything that goes to form a national culture in Ireland, many Americans will look with interested and sympathetic eyes—for they know that the revival of poetry and drama there has meant enrichment to many of us here. Recently, in the Irish Senate, Mr. Yeats has moved to have a commission formed to forward the publication of the Irish manuscripts dealing with law, history, and saga that are in the charge of various learned bodies, and the publication of which is long over-due. It is expected that the government will announce a subsidy for this in the next budget. It is calculated that it will take about fifty years to get through the publication of this vast manuscript material.

WHEN the Union of German Catholic Scholars had finished its convention at Essen a few weeks ago, it might well feel that the purpose underlying its organization had been justified by practical results achieved. The Union exists to form a bond between Catholic university men and professional students—a bond which, it is hoped, will result in the general advancement of the social and philosophical principles sponsored by the Church. Its goal is active thinking for the benefit of the nation. The opening note at this year's convention was struck by Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, who said—"One may state without fear of contradiction that the progress which German Catholicism has made in many directions, is less a matter of depth than of breadth, and so of shallowness." He recognized—what needs to be understood in other countries as well—that an earnest intensification of intellectual life is a necessary aspect of true religious growth. The general theme of the discussion at Essen was social solidarity. Ways and means were sought and suggested for furthering the coöperation of scholars and the general public. And while the addresses contained much that was stimulating, the greatest effort was to arrive at a definite and practical plan for action. The speakers were often interested to see that working-men entered the hall and listened carefully; they felt that the concern of all classes with the principles that govern society proved that a great deal of good might be accomplished. It would be an excellent thing if scholars in this country familiarized themselves with the nature and work of the German Union, and so came to realize the duty of earnest scholarship so incumbent upon us at the present time.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was caused a short time ago in ethnological circles, by the announcement that a white tribe of Amerindians had been discovered in the Darien region of Panama. Recent researches seem to show that the condition is one of partial albinism. The full condition is known to most. There is complete absence of the normal pigment in the hair, which is snow-white—and in the eyes, which are red like those of a white rabbit—itself an albino. Further, and on account of this absence of pigment, the eyesight is more or less defective. Albinism is in no manner associated with any general deficiency, as students of political history will know. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, once Chancellor of the

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Exchequer in the British Parliament, was a perfect example of an albino. Partial albinism consists in an absence of pigment in some places, though not necessarily in all. Some of the Amerindians have freckle-patches on their skins—others have traces of brown, or even auburn, color in their hair—and some have hazel, or blue, or even violet irises in their eyes. There seems to be no kind of evidence for miscegenation with Europeans, and Professor Harris, who reports his observations in the journal Science, thinks that the mutation theory is the best explanation of the condition. The scientific world will await with eagerness the detailed publication of his observations.

THE most recent developments in the business of Prohibition are two—the organization of a formidable "armada" to shoot at, capture, and scare away those iniquitous vessels which carry rum to our shores; and the declaration of President Hadley of Yale that Prohibition is an unsalutary violation of "personal liberty." The second of these developments is calculated to add authority to what many of us have already felt; the first is likely to cause trouble. Is it really advisable—not to speak of possible—to harness the police power of a great nation to the task of unearthing bubbling bottles which most substantial citizens would be glad to possess in peace? This question is suggested not only by the "armada" chronicled above, but also by various other repressive measures recently put into force. The state of Indiana—where a new Taylor has declared war on the much more attractive old—is distinguished for a law which extends the right of search and warrant to limits not hitherto identified with comfortable citizenship. A town in Iowa has legislated that the friends of liquor shall stand in the pillory; a district in Wisconsin finds that its annual budget for the repression of moonshine surpasses all its other expenditures; and the legislature of Illinois is debating a pertinent bill. Obviously this state of affairs would not be identified with Utopia by Sir Thomas More. Sooner or later we shall have to choose between some such system of control as that enforced in Canadian provinces, and the present American attempt to eradicate alcohol by wasting the public revenue, fostering a vicious tribe of "bootleggers," violating public and domestic peace, and supporting a class of dictatorial officials. President Hadley is so right that there is no case against him.

THE curious student of Darwinism in its hey-day and decline, cannot fail to notice how that philosophy has been at times twisted to ends never contemplated by its founder. There was Bernhardi, of course—and his most mischievous application; but that is much less remarkable, because far more logical, than the attempt to twist it into the shape of a religion. Yet that is what the late Sir Francis Galton, a man well known by his writings on both sides of the Atlantic, appears to have attempted. We gather this from his recent biography by Professor Karl Pearson, another man whose name is well known in all scientific circles. Galton was not only a very charming personality and a mirror of courtesy, but in his time he had been a great traveler and a man who had made his mark in mathematics and in physical research as well. But it is perhaps chiefly as a pioneer in anthropometric work, and as the first to insist on the use of psychometric instruments in the anthropometric laboratory, that he will be remembered. His labors in this field led to his writing several books on heredity, especially heredity in genius; and these again turned his mind towards eugenics, so that he became the parent of the modern movement known by that name—and it may be added, a much saner parent than many of his offspring of today.

HIS period was that of Huxley, of Tyndall, and many other mid-Victorian men of science, and these had, as a rule, one character in common—that of absolute cocksureness. Whether on the future life, the origin of species or home rule for Ireland, or any other topic, either of the two men just named was ready to pronounce an infallible utterance at a moment's notice. Galton, at least in religious matters, was not of this class—perhaps not in any matter was he so perfectly sure, as were his contemporaries, of the impossibility of his ever being wrong. At his maximum and in his earlier days, his religious aspirations seem not to have attained any higher level than a vague desire for "some sort of communion with an indwelling divine Spirit;" but as to the evidence for anything outside the visible world being satisfactory, he could never make up his mind. From this attitude he seems to have passed to one where he vaguely toyed with a form of pantheism—for we find him asking whether "our part in the universe may possibly in some distant way be analogous to that of cells in an organized body—and our personalities may be transient but essential elements of an immortal and cosmic mind." That did not help his honest inquiries, so he turned to evolutionism and tried to extract an ethic from that; surely the most extraordinary region in which to search for such a plant.

HIS position is summed up by his biographer in this way—"If the purpose of the Deity be manifested in the development of the universe, then the aim of man should be, with such limited powers as he may at present possess, to facilitate the divine purpose. Darwin for the first time gave a real history to living forms, and Galton, following, said—'Study that history, study the Bible of Life, and you will find your religion in it, and a new and higher morality as well.' Thereby he raised Darwinism onto a higher—a spiritual plane." Truly an amazing doctrine for waiving for a moment the vexed question as to whether Darwin did give "a

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real history of living things," or not. Of the two main dogmas which emerge from his writings, the first is that progress depends on natural selection—in other words the ruthless destruction of the weak by the strong. Christianity deliberately sets itself to counter this policy by hospitals and many another method. The second is the dogma of sexual selection—in other words the triumph of the lustier and lustfuller members of the race in their quest for the more desirable females. Surely two more curious foundation stones never were laid for any superstructure of ethics.

THE death of Miss Amy Lowell marks the close of an American literary decade. She could be relied upon to thrill the rebellious and roil the conservative during even the most tranquil hours of a summer vacation. Among other things, there was vers libre, and the "new awakening of our creative impulse," and that delightfully bizarre "polyphony" which crept into the vocabulary of everybody who cared for book-reviews. What has happened to all of them? Occasionally a youngster still patterns his poetic clothes after her style, but most of us feel that she proved her sanity and guaranteed her fame by returning to John Keats. Her reverent book about him is almost pathetic. We all love Keats, and we are likely to be fond of Miss Lowell because she loved him nearly too well. The danger of our alliance with novelty is this—we do not make oddities because we are new and original, but because we are satiated. We do not discard traditions because we have none, but because we are tired of those we have followed. And therefore the disappointing thing about American letters—and American thought generally—is the abruptness with which promising roads have been discontinued. We have worked with mere fragments of the infinite variety of our racial past. Miss Lowell is a case in point. Sophisticated, courageous, ambitious, she spent her life trying to establish something which came to naught, only to return at the end to something which had been firmly builded long ago.

CONCERNING ELLIS ISLAND

CONCEIVABLY some people in the United States, now naturalized citizens, might look upon the passing of Ellis Island very much as many good Frenchmen, who had never been in prison, looked upon the passing of the Bastille. The immigrant station at the gateway of New York was a symbol of loose thinking. Theoretically our soil is free soil—so free that our land is Europe's common property; one encounters that conviction everywhere in Europe; it is borne in upon us at home in little things such as the attitude of city motorists toward property rights of country dwellers. It was the right of every European to be an American, even for a time; as long or as short a time as he chose—or permanently.

Ellis Island was to many an emblem of tyranny set across a pathway guaranteed open for their use and convenience. It was an incomprehensible tyranny, separating families, rejecting people who had sold all they possessed, broken all ties in their old homes to take possession of all that this free land promised so liberally. Passage through Ellis Island did not make for friendship for America, nor for good citizenship; rejection made for bitter enmity spreading in eddies all over Europe. It bred in those who passed, doubt and suspicion—even hatred, too—perceptible in the attitude of many full-fledged citizens toward the federal government as no more liberal, no more intelligent than those governments from which they had broken away, from which they fled here. Ideals of America formed in European villages were sloughed off far too often at Ellis Island, and there remained simply the desire to make the most of material opportunity, avoiding carefully all interest in government unless upon occasions of demand by someone to "change something." That is a very widespread conception of American citizenship. One is appalled by the conviction in our eastern cities of rottenness of federal departments and of public servants.

The process of selection for citizenship (which after all is no alien's right but a high privilege) entailing a minimum of hardship and inconvenience on the candidate by examination in his own country before breaking all his home ties and embarking, under quota regulations, has been urged on the Washington government for decades of years. It took a world war and its shattering upheaval to focus attention upon the inconsistencies, and hardships, and dangers of our immigration practice, and to drive the lesson home. Far too many new citizens, Americans with full civic rights, either cower before our government, or dislike and despise it. That is the cause of the sudden craze for flag-waving "Americanization," very boring to Americans who are unaware of our condition; it is one of the principal causes of the "indigestion" to which President Coolidge referred in his recent address to the Daughters of the American Revolution; it is an important contributory cause to a good deal of recent strain and disagreement attributed to other causes by the public mind—notably of Klan activities, supposedly an anti-religious movement. As the President said, restriction is here because it is necessary; it is a mode of self-defense against conditions resulting from the war or uncovered by it; we have admitted more aliens than can be successfully assimilated for sound national development. That is the fact of the matter; the growth of feeling among us that this is our house, and not a hostelry, a place of exploitation and of transit; the growth of nationality, one of the striking post-war phenomena all over the world under the shock of Bolshevik internationalism.

In spite of anything which we may choose to criticize in the institutions which we have built and under

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which we choose to live, the essential fact is that the United States today offer advantages of life to the majority of their inhabitants incomparably superior to general conditions elsewhere—a fact which only becomes apparent in fullest force when one has seen and knows intimately general conditions elsewhere. We have laid very sound and solid foundations for a truly great nation. Several times in our brief history we have begun to evolve a national type, and a definite crystallization of national customs and mode of thought. Each time the superstructure has been shaken to the foundations, but each time the foundations have remained intact.

In the post-war building with which our generation is occupied, the feeling is well-nigh unanimous, that if there are to be substantial changes of design and structure, it is best that they be determined and undertaken by those who were born in the house, who have lived in it, and know the needs and limitations of the family; not by newcomers who may want an igloo or a bohio according to the climate and surroundings from which they have but just emerged.

ON BEING GOOD

A DISCUSSION of the question whether "it pays to be good" has been going on in the columns of The Villager, that stimulating but sometimes erratic little organ of personal opinion. Its reverberations have reached the staid editorial page of the New York Times, which concludes, with an air of bringing the discussion to an end for all practical folk, that it is a matter of period and locality. "The virtue that pays is the virtue recognized by prevailing public sentiment at any given time or place, and its opposite 'in the long run' does tend to be strongly unprofitable." For those who look to speedy and tangible returns upon their investment in piety and self-restraint, the matter, it seems, might rest here. But for those who still retain a spark of idealism in their mental make-up, far though they be from any right to claim a place in the category of the certified good, the discussion has hardly begun.

The entire question is complicated, though it need not be confused by the fact that the process of being good, even when it is the result of entirely spiritual motives, does, as a matter of human experience, often produce advantages of so solid a description that some pious souls who are its beneficiaries, are secretly ashamed of the profits they take. The mere mental hygiene of a well-ordered life, anchored to definite beliefs and standards of conduct is so notorious that under the inclusive heading "church membership," it has received the crowning humiliation of being recognized by big business as a commercial asset. It gives peace of soul, in itself almost a pre-requisite to effective work, allays the pressure of material anxieties, and fences a life off from the tragedy that always dogs "the death-feasts with the husks and swine." Even in the positive and material order it sometimes produces dramatic surprises. Successful worldly enterprises, put through by the sheer driving force of a will to be good and to do good to others, are always recurring to remind us of the ancient philosophical maxim—"A man is master of that which he despises."

From this, however, to recognizing any viable worth in an appeal to be good based upon its mundane advantages and pitched in a key to catch the surroundings, is a long step. The man who dares to take it is on treacherous and untenable ground, and deserves the rebuke which even the light-hearted Villager is in a position to administer to him. The utter inconsequence of using this world's standards at all in a matter which is above and beyond them, was strikingly exemplified in a case which occurred some thirty years ago in London, attracting considerable notice in the press at the time. In a garret of a poor lodging house near Limehouse docks, was discovered the body of a middle-aged dock-laborer, who had died suddenly, in the night, of cardiac trouble. Of powerful physique, silent and a foreigner known to his long-shore mates as "Frenchy," the man had lived in the room where his body was found, and which was as clean as it was tiny, for over five years, only leaving it for his work or to attend six o'clock Mass daily at the Catholic church nearby. Search among his few papers revealed the fact that the poor stevedore was the scion of a noble and wealthy family in France, mourned as dead for years, and with no record, shady or otherwise in his past that could explain his disappearance and terrible renunciation. What secret disillusionment—what irresistible call even, such a life and death might have evidenced, remained God's secret. But to pronounce the thoughtless word failure as final judgment and valedictory, or to speculate whether in this case "goodness had paid," would be an offense both to Christianity and true psychology.

Perhaps, after all, the most Christian attitude we can adopt to this whole matter of goodness, is not to suspect it when we are forced to share its advantages with the Pharisee, and to love it all the more when we find it the secret recompense of lives whose history the world insists on regarding as tragic chronicles of mischance and frustration.

DEMOCRACY AND EQUALITY

ALL terms which deal with human relationships and human rights are subject to abuse. This is no reason for discarding them, but rather it is a reason for calling attention to their true meaning, so that men may be able the easier to detect their misuse, and not to be misled by it. The words "democracy" and "equality" are excellent examples of what we mean. No terms in the language have been more carelessly bandied about, or used with less discrimination

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—yet they both represent phases of our American ideals which are so preëminently worth while, that we cannot afford to be without them.

"Democracy—government by the people directly, collectively," and "equality—the state of having the same rank, rights, or importance," as the dictionary defines them, are often assumed to be at the foundation of our civic liberties; yet if these descriptions are correct, we have neither of them in their entirety, nor do we really want them. Yet underneath it all is, as has been said, something for which we do most seriously contend.

Democracy may be taken to mean, in Lincoln's homely phrase, that "you cannot fool all the people all the time;" their voice will ultimately prevail and should do so. "Vox populi, vox Dei." Indeed, historically it has, in the long run, generally done so—even though overshadowed often in acts of tyranny by those who happened to be in power. Thus understood, democracy has always been an English (and before there were any English) a Saxon, ideal. Before the Saxon invader came, it was an old British or Celtic ideal. Yet how frequently in Britain's history, at home or abroad, has it been apparently lost sight of! When the royal despoiler, Henry VIII, wrenched England from its place in western Christendom, he was acting entirely contrary to the popular sentiment, and so much against it that the "Pilgrimage of Grace" and other vehement protests were made, yet because of his absolute power he was able to still the voice of the people, and they are only just now beginning to realize what they lost thereby. Again when one of his stupid successors on England's throne thought to oppress the American colonies by measures of a like kind on the political realm, he was met with (this time) a successful resistance and the United States of America arose out of a welter of hitherto jealous English colonies. Yet in the latter instance England, too, won her own freedom—and the ultimate outcome of the former is still in abeyance. So democracy is really a struggle—a condition towards which, like a "limit" in mathematics, we ever approach but never fully attain. Nor will it be attained so long as man remains the more or less unregenerate creature that he is. One cannot have a true democracy until all the people are converted to at least a willingness to serve each other—for in such service alone, as in the service of God, "is perfect freedom."

If democracy is misinterpreted and misunderstood, equality is far more so. The older European conception of rank, titles of honor, the privileges of primogeniture, was, of course, subject to abuse—and it was a reaction from that abuse that led the American colonists to insist so strongly upon the idea of equality. Few of the settlers on these shores had, for themselves, high rank in English society. By this we do not mean that they came from the "lower classes" altogether. Many of them were scions of great and honorable houses, though often they were its younger members, and whatever their previous status the pioneering conditions of new settlements inevitably showed rank to be "but the guinea's stamp." In a country where bare existence must needs be wrested from an unfriendly soil by hard labor, a duke could starve to death quite as easily as a churl, unless he were physically and mentally alert. So worth, instead of birth, became the criterion; and most Americans feel it a better one. This, however, does not mean equality—either of "rank, rights, or importance" in the commonwealth. Nor does it mean that all have the same capabilities. There are, as a learned observer of life once expressed the matter, "blood ideas"—inborn attitudes of mind which make one man shudder at what another calmly accepts as a normal state of affairs, and which make difficult, if not impossible, the consorting of one with others whose "rank, rights, or importance" in the community may be far greater than his own. Where these blood ideas come from, or how they are developed, is no part of the present discussion; but they do exist as most of us know very well.

We do not even find equality of opportunity. "Blood ideas" play no small part in creating opportunity for some, and in preventing it for others. Nor does the fact of one's descent from high and noble ancestors always mean an enhanced opportunity; quite the contrary, in a largely commercial age it frequently seriously impedes it—but there is an equality which is right and just, and it is that equality which represents the best of American tradition. For this Catholicism has ever stood, as it does today, as the most notable representative—that is, equality of recognition. One cannot say equality of opportunity—for that does not exist in our work-a-day world; what we mean is that "to him that overcometh" nothing shall be denied because of his origin, nor shall any favors be shown him who does not so succeed merely on the ground of great descent. Washington the aristocrat—and Lincoln, the man of the soil—are both accorded their high place in American history. Pope Leo XIII, a count in his own right, and his saintly successor Pius X, a peasant, both sat on the throne of Peter the Fisherman, and it has been more recently filled by Benedict XV, the physically puny, who in turn gave way to Pius XI, the Alpine mountain-climber and athlete. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same God over all, and through all, and in all." Democracy and equality, thus rightly understood, are the ideals of America, and the ideals of the Catholic Church; and in these two alone do they come to anything like perfection. How wild therefore the idea that Americanism and Catholicism are, or can be, contradictory! They are really the only two conceptions of man which see eye to eye; hence the better Catholic, the better American, the better advocate of true democracy, and the surer believer in equality.

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THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE IN GERMANY

By W. M. T. GAMBLE

THE defeat of Marx is more significant as the outcome of Germany's election, than the victory of Hindenburg. It is the successful culmination of a steady and well-calculated series of attempts on the part of the nationalist wing in German politics, to disrupt and destroy the coalition between the Social-Democrats, the Democrats, and the Centrum. During the main part of Germany's post-war difficulties and stresses, it was this Republican-Democratic bloc, under Ebert's presidency, that weathered the heaviest storms. In the earlier stages of the occupation of the Ruhr, the counsels of Nationalists like Jarres had been followed, a policy of passive resistance involving more or less industrial sabotage. This policy quickly bore fruit in the separatist uprisings in the Rhineland, which Germans insist were merely a plot of foreign interests to detach the Rhineland from Germany, and begin the partition of the nation by the employment of desperadoes released from prison.

The policy of the Nationalists had been to magnify German irresponsibility in face of the conditions imposed by the Versailles treaty; to say to the Allies—"If you insist on throttling us economically and occupying our main industrial basin as well as the Rhine, we shall not be answerable for the consequences."

If, however, the Centrum policy of asserting national responsibility and self-respect, has given occasion to Allied suspicions of a potential militarism, in other respects it has created a more favorable impression. The representations of Chancellor Marx before the various international conferences, and especially at the London conference, led directly to those measures which have restored Germany, after a desperate and profound state of demoralization, to economic stability. The statesmen and financiers of England and of our own country were able to see, not only the desperate economic and fiscal situation in Germany and the disastrous effect it was bound to have on the world-situation generally, but they were convinced by the character of Marx and of the political combination he represented, that there was enough good faith and national self-respect in Germany to justify economic assistance and to guarantee governmental stability.

Now that Marx has succeeded in putting Germany somewhere on the map of general international confidence; now that the Centrum party and the other two popular parties have done something to counteract the very widespread impression that Germany is indisposed to face the realities, moral and physical, of her post-war situation; now that there is something like a return to normal conditions through the foreign loans and the modification of earlier Allied suspicion and sternness—the Nationalistic bloc, the Deutschnationalpartei and the Deutschvolkspartei, are ready once more to take the reins of government, and have used the popularity of Marshal Hindenburg to obtain it. But before this crowning coup, the way was prepared, first by signs of growing strength for the Rechts bloc in the November election, which emboldened these Junkers and pre-war Liberals to compass the resignation of Marx as Chancellor, even after he had received a vote of confidence. This seems to have been accomplished by the use of divisive tactics, aimed by Stresemann and other Volkspartei Liberals at the popular party bloc in the Reichstag. Marx, in his campaign before the November election, had emphasized the possibility of wider coöperation of parties in government such as might minimize the sharp cleavage between Right and Left. It was, in effect, an appeal to the Liberals to cut loose from the leading strings of the Junker party, and take a share in the coalition on equal terms with the popular bloc. The response of the Liberals was to act more than ever as Junker agencies, and to refuse utterly to be in the same coalition with the Social Democrats; and by divisive tactics, to drive the Socialists more toward the Left, and to isolate Marx and the Centre. Marx resigned, having failed to consolidate a political combination that would ensure the permanence of Republican rule with popular liberties. As he had said in his November speech at Bonn, the Centrum was the only party that had been consistently loyal to the republic since its inception; and the aim of his policy had been to ensure the permanence of the present German Constitution, since under it a greater measure of popular liberty had been possible than ever before.

In almost a week after his resignation as Chancellor of the nation, Marx was elected president of the Prussian state diet, or landtag, and after a few weeks was forced to resign. Liberal tactics against the Centrum, no doubt, had an added incentive in the general knowledge of the failing health of President Ebert. It would almost seem as though as early as last fall, the word must have gone out to all the coteries of whispered bigotry, that a presidential election was not far off, and that at all cost a Catholic President must not be elected. Certainly there was nothing in Marx's record that would warrant such systematic opposition as he received during last winter. Even personal jealousy of his political ability and signal success on the part of leaders like Stresemann, is not sufficient to account for the persistence of the influence against him. The conviction is almost irrestible, that only one thing defeated Marx—and that thing was, without a doubt, his religion.

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Now if one is making a candid study of the relation of religion, especially the Catholic religion, to politics, it is noteworthy that in Germany, though the Centre party is avowedly a Catholic party, and although no doubt most zealous Catholics in Germany, outside Bavaria, vote Centrum on issues like this—yet they do so, not because of any indoctrination from ecclesiastical sources, but because by past experience in continental Europe Catholics know that unless they are represented by a political party they are liable to various forms of political oppression or disadvantage. Furthermore, in post-war Germany, Catholics have found (again leaving Bavaria out of account) that the best guarantee of their religious liberty is to be found in the preservation of the Republican Constitution and the strengthening of coalition of the popular parties as against the reactionary group. The average Rhinelander remembers Hohenzollern rule distinctly as a régime of "Protestant supremacy," and of Catholic disabilities and disadvantage in public concerns. I even heard a man with a strong Saxon accent say that if Germany had won the war, Catholics and Catholic liberties would have suffered very much. On the other hand, I have heard a Rhenish priest, formerly army chaplain, praise most warmly and unreservedly the fairness and consideration of Prussian officers in regard to Catholics and their priests during the war.

But there seems to be no question about the whole-heartedness with which Catholics outside Bavaria support the republic. In Bavaria, on the contrary, the Catholic party inclines more definitely toward monarchism, sharing the general ambition of that part of Germany for the fortunes of the Wittelsbach dynasty. The Bavarian People's Party might even welcome the return of the Hohenzollerns as a second-best alternative. Even from this source, however, a considerable vote for Marx was expected.

It must be remembered that however loyal the Centrum has been to the Republican Constitution, there seems to be very little doctrinaire enthusiasm for Republican institutions as such. The rank and file of the people have a satisfied feeling about a régime in which popular liberties are possible, because they have experienced that liberty, especially in educational interests. But there seems to be no prejudice against monarchy, provided it were to guarantee the same degree of liberty. There seems to be no particular distaste for crowned heads and for the "trappings of royalty," such as seems to be the hall-mark of orthodox Americanism. One gets the impression that the average continental Catholic has few, if any, emotional predilections about forms of government. The equestrian and uniformed statues of kings and emperors do not seem to offend them; these belong to the history of a people just as much as the voting-booth and the jug of water on the political platform table. (I am unable to say just when drinking-water was introduced into Germany, but I am almost sure I saw Marx take a glassful before he made his speech.)

From what I have observed, the defeat of Marx is keenly felt here in the Rhineland, as a cause for some disillusion about rule by popular suffrage. On the Centrum side, so far as I was able to follow the newspapers, the campaign was carried on in moderation and dignity. Allusions to opponents were charitable and even generous.

When one takes into consideration the German absence of prejudice against monarchy as such, the determination of the Centrum not to desert the Republican standard seems rather worthy of remark. There seems to have been some opportunity to have avoided isolation if the Centrum leaders had heeded a hint from the Old Liberals that they might have anything they wanted if they would throw the Catholic party over to strengthen the Right bloc. A Volkspartei organ stated that the Centrum could, if it chose, ensure the election of Marx to the Presidency beyond the shadow of a doubt. An editorial in the Cologne Volkszeitung (Centre) paraphrased this suggestion quite pointedly as equivalent to—"All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Somehow the impression one has of Marx, with his broad, Bismarck-like head, his utter absence of pose, his direct, clear, unoratorical business-like way of presenting his cause, and the policy of party coöperation which he outlined—is that of statesmanship of a high type.

This last half-year has been for him, apparently, one defeat after another. Yet one feels that one has not heard the last of him. Yes, after all, there is such a thing as Catholic politics; the kind of statesmanship that sees the nation as one of a family of nations; that refuses to build policy upon the contempt and hatred of race for race; that is all the more patriotic because of its belief in the nation as morally responsible, as possessing a real dignity—not the mere force of blind commercial appetites or fatuous aggregate pride. To have made some presentation, some interpretation of such political conceptions, is to have really succeeded, even in face of an electoral defeat.

To the credit of the German electorate, it must be remembered that the vote was a very close one. At the immediately preceding election it had been evident to the Right bloc that Jarres, the Liberal candidate, could not win against Marx; and Hindenburg was chosen as the best card for the Right nomination. It is perhaps a little too soon to see whether the election is significant as a sign of steady trend of popular feeling toward monarchism, or whether it is merely a temporary reactionary movement under the stimulus of the Rechts bloc, working upon religious prejudice. It does represent the desperate struggle for the "Protestant supremacy" idea in Germany, as against the greater political equality which is possible to Catholics since the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns.

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THE TACNA-ARICA AWARD

By HERBERT F. WRIGHT

(The following article, which is the first of two by Mr. Wright, discusses the points at issue in the Tacna-Arica Award. The second article will be published in an early issue.—The Editors.)

IF A foreigner landing in New York or Boston were to inquire of a native the way to the international court of justice at Washington, no doubt in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would be rewarded with a condescending smile at his incredible ignorance. And yet, claims of The Hague to the contrary notwithstanding, Washington is fast becoming the centre for the settlement of international disputes of this hemisphere—if not by justice, at least by arbitration. Witness the controversy between Costa Rica and Great Britain concerning the repudiation of certain bank-notes which was settled by Chief Justice Taft as arbitrator. Moreover, there were recently three mixed claims commissions holding sessions in Washington—the Mexican-American, the German-American and the British-American.

But perhaps the arbitration that has become more familiar to the man in the street because of front-page newspaper publicity, is that which was decided on March 4, 1925, by the President of the United States between the republic of Chile and the republic of Peru, "with respect to the unfulfilled provisions of the Treaty of Peace of October 20, 1883"—a controversy so outstanding in South American politics that it has come to be known throughout the length and breadth of the continent as "the question of the Pacific."

The point in dispute is the sovereignty over a Pacific seaboard tract of some 9,000 square miles, formerly composed of the Peruvian departments of Tacna and Arica, but at present administered by Chile as her northernmost province, under the name of the province of Tacna. The question goes back to the time when these Peruvian departments passed under the military control of Chile in the War of the Pacific, which was won by Chile in 1883 against the combined armies of Peru and Bolivia.

Down to the year 1842 there is no doubt about the northern boundary of Chile, for the constitutions of 1822, 1823, 1828, 1832 and 1833, and the treaty of 1842 between Chile and Spain, all definitely recognize the desert of Atacama (about 27° to 23° south latitude) was under the undisputed sovereignty of Bolivia until 1842—as was the territory between 23° and 21°, including Antofagasta. This was her outlet to the sea. Just north of this was the Peruvian province of Tarapacá (21°-19°) while still farther north was the territory now in dispute, Tacna-Arica (19°-17° 30′). It is well to mention these divisions as they existed in 1842 because of the bearing which they have on subsequent developments and the light they throw on the interests of Bolivia as well as Chile and Peru in the question at issue.

It was the discovery of guano deposits in the desert of Atacama which started Chile's expansion to the north. On October 31, 1842, the Chilean Congress passed a law declaring all guano deposits on the Atacama coast state property. Bolivia naturally protested, and thus began the series of events which culminated in the War of the Pacific in 1879. Protracted negotiations between Chile and Bolivia led to the signing of a treaty in 1866, by which the new boundary line between the two nations was fixed at 24°.

This, however, did not seem to satisfy Chile, while the discovery of rich silver mines at Caracoles (about 23°) coupled with the knowledge of the authorization of the construction of two war vessels by Chile in 1871, induced Bolivia to enter into a treaty of defensive alliance with Peru in 1873. The terms of this treaty, which parallels somewhat the lines of Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations, was intended to be a mutual guarantee of the status quo against any foreign aggressor. Although it was kept secret, in order apparently more easily to obtain the adherence of the Argentine Republic, there is reason to believe that the Chilean Foreign Office was not unaware of it.

At any rate, in 1874 a new treaty was concluded between Chile and Bolivia, in part confirming the earlier treaty of 1866, and in part interpreting some of the mooted questions which arose therefrom. It seems that Bolivia at least technically violated a provision of this treaty, which concerned the taxation of Chilean industries, chiefly nitrate companies operating around Antofagasta—at that time Bolivian territory. A dispute arose, therefore, between Chile and Bolivia, in which Chile seemed to be justified, and despite Peru's good offices to settle this dispute, war broke out which eventually involved Peru as well as Bolivia.

Documents contained in the archives of the State Department of the United States seem to bear out Peru's contention that she desired peace—that Chile was prepared for war—that these preparations created an impossible financial situation in Chile—and that the rich nitrate fields of Tarapacá were recognized by outsiders as a great temptation to Chile to relieve her financial depression. It is no surprise, therefore, that Chile emerged from the conflict easily victorious, and dictated her terms of peace despite repeated offers of mediation by the United States.

The treaty of peace, commonly called the Treaty

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of Ancon, was finally signed on October 20, 1883, and ratified on March 28 following. By its terms Peru ceded to Chile, "in perpetuity and unconditionally the territory of the littoral province of Tarapacá." Article 3 of the same treaty provided that—

> The territory of the provinces Tacna and Arica. . . shall remain in the possession of Chile, and subject to Chilean laws and authorities, during the term of ten years, to be reckoned from the ratification of the present treaty of peace. At the expiration of that term, a plebiscite shall, by means of a popular vote, decide whether the territory of the provinces referred to is to remain definitely under the dominion and sovereignty of Chile, or to continue to form a part of the Peruvian territory. Whichever of the two countries in whose favor the provinces of Tacna and Arica are to be annexed, shall pay to the other, 10,000,000 pesos in Chilean silver currency, or Peruvian soles of the same standard and weight. A special protocol, which shall be considered an integral part of the present treaty, will establish the form in which the plebiscite is to take place, and the conditions and periods of payment of the 10,000,000 pesos by the country which remains in possession of the provinces of Tacna and Arica.

Chile repeatedly contended that the war was not one of conquest, though foreign observers considered that it was. But if it was not, the fact remains that, for the thirty or forty million pesos, which it has been estimated to have cost Chile, she obtained the entire Bolivian littoral and the Peruvian province of Tarapacá—besides the temporary and still unrelinquished administration of Tacna-Arica. These constitute probably the most valuable nitrate fields known. Some idea of the enormous resources acquired by Chile may be gathered from The Monetary and Banking Policy of Chile, published three years ago by the distinguished Chilean economist, Guillermo Subercaseaux.

First of all, a remarkably favorable trade balance has been established since the War of the Pacific—so favorable, in fact, that it is difficult to believe that it is due entirely to natural expansion or the development of a conservative policy. In 1879 the exports of Chile were valued at 78,000,000 gold pesos. During the next five years, the period of Chile's advance northward into Peruvian territory, the exports nearly doubled in value and with some fluctuations, due to internal conditions, increased year after year—so that by 1916, they totaled over 500,000,000 pesos. On the other hand, the imports, which from 1874 to 1877 were somewhat in excess of the exports, fell considerably below them from 1877 to 1887—and with some few exceptions have remained so until, in 1916, they were less than 50 percent of the exports—notwithstanding that this represents a 300 percent increase in imports over 1879.

A favorable balance in public finance, hitherto impossible of achievement, likewise became an accomplished fact. The annual revenues, which had remained at about 30,000,000 gold pesos between the years 1871 and 1878, doubled by the year 1880, and gradually increased year by year, with some few exceptions, so that by 1912 they amounted to over 210,000,000 pesos. On the other hand, the annual expenditures, which considerably exceeded the revenues from 1866 to 1878, immediately reversed the relationship, so that by 1912 there was a good 10 percent balance in favor of the revenues.

The War of the Pacific also wrought a notable improvement in the private financial situation of Chile. In the graphic words of Mr. Subercaseaux—

> The rate of interest on bank loans declined from the 12 percent it had reached before the war, to 5 percent and 6 percent in 1882. The debtors were able to take advantage of the altered situation for the purpose of converting their old obligations into new ones carrying a lower rate of interest. The price of rural and urban properties rose considerably, so that many landowners, who shortly before would have been unable to pay their debts by selling their holdings, afterwards found themselves with a considerable balance in their favor. The rise of prices, coupled with the decline of rates of interest, the expansion of credit, and the good market which the new nitrate provinces created for agricultural products, brought about a notable improvement in the status of the agricultural industry.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the sovereignty even of Tacna and Arica is of more than academic interest. Almost from the very outset, Chile has maintained that the clause of the Treaty of Ancon concerning Tacna and Arica, including the plebiscite, was a mere formality to cover the absolute and definitive cession of that territory. However, a comparison of Article 2, which makes an absolute cession of Tarapacá, with Article 3, which concerns Tacna-Arica and the plebiscite, leads one to believe that the explicit terms of Article 3 mean precisely what they say. The clause actually incorporated in this article makes a favorable plebiscite a condition precedent to the possible establishment of Chilean sovereignty over the territory, whereas Chile's claim that the plebiscite was a mere formality agreed upon to save the face of Peru, would have made an unfavorable plebiscite a condition subsequent for the loss of Chilean sovereignty. At any rate, Chile's contention should be born in mind when reviewing the subsequent diplomatic correspondence.

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A MOTHER IN CHRIST

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

IT is the obstinate belief of many worthy persons outside the Catholic Church, that in choosing the men and women whom it raises to the supreme honor of her altars, the Congregation of Rites is actuated by motives of timeliness. Knowing nothing of the long and arduous process that precedes the declaration of sanctity, it is their explanation of the contrast between what seems over-deliberation in some cases where a heroic degree of virtue has been recognized for centuries, and what seems precipitancy in others from which we are hardly parted by the span of a long life.

The distinction between piety and sanctity is one that will always elude the positive mind, and the difference between the public intercession which the Church promulgates, and the private intercession which she permits, would require an article in itself to elucidate. But if the element of timeliness in canonization is to be considered in its just perspective, it must be put many years back. Its existence must be perceived in the campaign no less than in the victory—in the fashion in which the call to arms came and was met quite as much as in the halo which encircles the head, bowed or bleeding, that did not fear to front the battle where it was thickest, and to raise a battle cry on which the hosts of evil would be sure to converge. One heroic woman upon whom Rome last Saturday conferred the honor of its altars, will be forever associated in the Catholic mind with a sign that from its very inception was contradicted of men, but which, it is not too much to say, has renewed the very soul of the Church in our own day and offered to countless thousands of souls a solution, through sheer love, of their revolts and bewilderments. The life of Mère Barat, founder of the Order of the Sacred Heart, will be written by worthier and better authorized pens. It is only the purpose of this article to dwell a moment upon some of the more human aspects of her times, and of a life which, taking love as its motive, could not fail to be lovely.

Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat was born at Joigny, a small town in the valley of the Yonne, in the last week of the year 1779. By birth she was a Burgundian, native of one of the old eastern provinces which Maurice Barres has called "bastions of France." The Burgundians are one distinct stock among many which compose the body of the French nation, racially so varied, yet politically and socially so cohesive. Like their Frankish ancestors, they have the name of being stubborn and rather hard to move. Something of the warmth and "body" of their wine runs in their blood, mingled with a shrewdness—"la pointe bourguignonne"—that is a proverb among Frenchmen.

The child was the daughter of a "cultivator" in fairly easy circumstances, as is evidenced by his living in a house with "an upper floor." Dithyrambic writers on the French Revolution, to whom Arthur Young's peasant in tatters is so handy a symbol, lay little stress upon this class. But it has always existed, and will always exist, in every country that industrialism has not gnawed to the bone—the very rock-bottom of national welfare and security. Born two months before full time, little Madeleine was so frail and puny that her life was despaired of. She was baptized with such precipitancy that no god-father could be sought, and a brother in minor orders home on leave from the seminary of Sens took his place. It will be seen how gravely and with what a sense of responsibility this spiritual fatherhood was taken by Louis Barat in subsequent years.

The child remained slight and delicate ("there is nothing good about you but your tongue," her mother would sometimes tell her). But many anecdotes of her early life reveal a remarkable precocity. When less than seven she accompanied the over-hasty mother to the family notary and was able to put his tortuous legal phrases into intelligible language. At ten years old her brother had taught her Homer, Virgil, botany, natural science and "some Italian." At the same age she read Clarissa Harlowe, a romance then popular in French translation, from cover to cover. The sin lay heavy on the little girl's conscience for years. Unregenerate admirers would prefer to see in it an instance of childish tenacity that few adults could equal today.

Equally notable was a passionate love for animals, shared, it may be noted in passing, by another famous daughter of the Sacred Heart nearer our own day—Madame Janet Erskine Stuart. Among her first recorded words was the prophetic phrase, uttered as a pet lamb lay down at the foot of her stool—"Il aime." Taken on a shooting trip by a sporting uncle, the child was discovered in a ditch, praying passionately—"Mon Dieu! Make them miss—make them miss!" This tender love of the dumb creation is repeated all through the saint's life, like some charming minor refrain. At Conflans, the young mother-superior would sweep the snow from beneath her windows and scatter crumbs every winter morning on the stones. At her departure the sparrows whom she had fed are said to have invaded the carriage in which their friend was being taken from them. At Amiens, on the day the first house of the new order was founded, "a beautiful white dove flew into the garden, allowed himself to be caressed and fed by the sisters, and flew away in the evening, never to return." "Poor crea-

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tures," she was wont to say towards the end of her life, "they have but this world. Let us make it happy for them."

At the very threshold of girlhood she was met by religion in a singularly dark and austere form. There were Jansenist traditions in the Barat family, and her brother Louis, though a devoted priest, seems to have been tinctured with them. Arrested during the Terror while still a deacon, he continued his studies in the prison of the Conciergerie under brave Abbé Emery—"the only man Napoleon feared"—and under Abbé Duclaux at St. Lazare. Saved by the complicity of a "trusty" who kept his name off the fatal lists until Thermidor threw open the prison doors, he returned to Joigny, and insisted on taking the little daughter back with him to Paris, despite the tearful protests of the family. Brother and sister took up their abode in an obscure lodging of the Marais quarter, where such time as the young priest could spare from his visits to slums, prisons, and hospitals was devoted to the chastening of the predestined spirit committed to his charge by blood kinship and spiritual affinity. The discipline was a severe one. Books, even lesson books, in which the child was interested, would be snatched from her hand. The peasant dress of her province and no other, was prescribed, and any additions that girlish vanity made to it committed to the flames. A rigid course of prayer and meditation was imposed. Austerities that even included the wearing of an iron belt were countenanced, if they were not advised. At this time it was the secret wish of learned little Madeleine, "to be a lay-sister among the Carmelites."

No understanding of the new fervor that descended upon the old Gallican Church is possible without some idea of the times into which Madeleine Barat was born. A catastrophe that had shaken security to its very roots lay behind. The future was dark with the promise of fresh persecutions to come. For the younger men it was a generation, to quote the words of a noted French historian, "born under the shadow of the scaffold, and doomed to perish on the battlefield." For the women it was a generation of mothers orphaned or widowed by the Revolution, and bereft of their children by the Empire. Women had kept the flame of religion alive through the dark days of the Terror. In face of the godlessness that settled down on France with the Consulate and the great wars, the prospect of their having to keep it alight through indefinite years by precept and example must have attained the force of a conviction.

This shadow of death and imminent peril is upon nearly all the men and women whom we find associated with Madeleine Barat in her task of restoring Christian instruction for women in France. There is Père Varin, the spiritual father of the order. Born at Besançon in 1767, Joseph Varin d'Ainvelle, the son of wealthy parents and devoted to "hunting, riding, and shooting," he enters St. Sulpice less from a vocation than to comply with the wish of a pious and adored mother. In 1790 the Emigration is at full flood, and he becomes a trooper in Condé's army. Humiliated to the soul after missing an engagement in which his regiment was decimated, he is on his way to Belgium to enlist in "the Chasseurs of Choiseul," when a chance meeting with four old Sulpicians revives his thoughts of religion. He is still hesitating when news reaches him that his mother is dead under the guillotine, offering her life as the price of his perseverance.

There is Madame de Charbonnel de Jussac, one of Madame Barat's first companions. Her grandfather has died in prison, her father been cut to pieces by mutinous soldiers, her brother shot under her eyes just after she nursed him back to health. There are Mesdemoiselles Felivite Desmarquest and Henriette Ducis, whose homes have been a refuge for fugitive priests; Mademoiselle Suzanne Geoffroy, who hears on coming out of Notre Dame, that religious houses are dissolved by constitutional decree and opens a house of prayer and an asylum for the faithful in the Picpus quarter, with the first two companions of like mind that come under her hand. There is Madame Lefranc, dying, an aged woman in 1848, who cries in her delirium—"They are coming to take me to death. Well—I am ready!" The women and girls who feel the attraction of Madeleine Barat's to teach of God once more, are of all ages and conditions. But from the six girls of Bordeaux who take a house "among the vineyards," to "lead the anchorite life," to the wealthy Contesse de Marbeuf, who becomes a postulant in middle life to "earn the salvation of her son," dead in Russia, one and all have learnt the lesson of the world's vanity.

No order, even that of the Poor Clares, has begun its existence in such absolute penury as that of the Dames de l'Instruction Chrètienne. The first house, opened at Amiens on November 21, 1801, with four choir-nuns and one lay-sister, and with a total capital of six ecus (about $3.00) was so dark and ruinous that it was twice on the point of being abandoned. Even after the recognition of the order by Napoleon, on the morrow of Austerlitz (in his tent on the battlefield, one legend declares) the terrible poverty of the house at Niort drew from the young prioress the gallant words—"How happy are you, my child, to live in a house where the necessities of life are lacking." At the convent of Cuignières in the Beauvais diocese, there was "neither glass to the windows, nor bolts to the doors," and the tiny community was several times on the verge of starvation owing to the refusal of the peasants to furnish provisions. Poverty followed the order from the old world to the new. The goal of Madame Phillipine Duchesne and her companions, after three weeks of ocean travel and five weeks' voyage up the Mississippi, was "a little

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cabin with two arpents [about three acres] of land," and "a relic of Saint Francis Regis."

Such undertakings, whether for this world or the next, are seldom put through without the driving force of one exceptional will behind them. The success of the saints in their enterprises, often conducted without the scantest respect for worldly wisdom, should prove a salutary study for the new school which preaches the selling, rather than the giving up, of self; but it often has its counterpart in schemes where personality is used for ends quite personal. What interests the Christian, is less the success than the source of its inspiration. No word, her biographers have noticed, was more on Madame Barat's lips to her novices and students than the word "generosity." She saw no great benefit either to self or others in sacrifices that were half-hearted or coupled with reservations. It is probably this thought that accounts for the long periods of probation and novice-ship, with the final pause of months before taking final vows, in the rule drawn up by her in 1818 for the order of the Sacré Coeur, a rule in which Innocent XVI declared he saw "the finger of God." Let the sacrifice be whole-hearted, complete, and final—even though it be very deliberate. "The grain must rot before the seed can sprout," was a maxim often on her lips. This same generosity—this seeming inability to set any bounds to the sacrifice of self for others—is exemplified in many little anecdotes, as holy as they are homely—the giving up of her own shawl to cover the shoulders of a novice during a winter walk in the garden, the ascent of a staircase step by step and on crippled knees, to make sure some sick sister in the infirmary had not thrown off her coverlet during the night.

Of her humility, that most accessible, but seemingly rarest of the virtues, many instances are related in the biography by Abbé Baunard of Lille published in 1876. A sense of deep unworthiness, perhaps partly an inheritance from her Jansenist forefathers, possessed this elect among souls to the end of her long life. "How far are we from meriting His choice! This is my Cross," was a spoken thought of which she was fond. Alone among the community she confessed before receiving the Host every morning. "Ask God to convert me, my children," she would say to her sisters, "that I may, like you, receive Him daily with only the weekly confession." She often entered ecstasy—sometimes, in her early life and during her journeys from one end of France to the other, under the trees by the wayside. But her first words when aroused seem to have been of apology to those whose duty it had been to recall her to life. Asked suddenly for her blessing one day by a great doctor who was attending her, she blushed, turned her head aside, and shyly laid her hands a moment on the bowed head. She disliked talk on the world-wide development of her order. Her confusion, on one such occasion, was so great that Archbishop Hughes, of New York, was obliged to turn the conversation to some other topic. To her own sisters she would reply by a country proverb—"When the sheep are counted, my children, the wolf eats them."

Her patience was limitless and nothing seemed to exhaust it. Among the most precious of the relics left behind her are 300 letters written over a period of twenty-three years to a girl, picked up on the roadside near Valence speaking an unintelligible language, and begged by Madame Barat from the authorities when the little foundling's viciousness and evil propensities became too apparent. The letters follow the poor prodigal into the world and across the ocean to New York. They plead, they chide, they encourage, they wrestle for the soul bought at so infinite a price and held so cheap. Neither ingratitude, nor perversity, nor drunken habits—and all were experienced—could wean the noble heart from Julie, the "lost sheep" for whom she had accepted spiritual motherhood. Think of this great mystic and foundress, in the midst of her preoccupations (even the mail-carriers of the rue Vivienne marveled at the correspondence that flowed in on her) her devotions, her ecstasies—finding time for 300 letters to a little, wayward soul whom the state would have consigned to a reformatory and washed its hands of once and for all.

"If God grants me my prayer, I will die in silence, so that no one may repeat my last words," Mère Barat had said more than once. Her wish was granted her. On Sunday, May 21, 1865, having been ailing, she descended to the community room of the mother-house in Paris, and spoke to her choir-nuns and lay-sisters, lovingly, as was her wont—but with no special solemnity. She even called the gardener and chatted a few minutes about his shrubs and flowers. Next morning she rose suddenly from her desk and put her hands to her forehead. "I am ill! It is my head!" were her last words on earth.

For three days she lay, speechless but conscious, surrounded by her weeping daughters, answering prayers and loving questions by a pressure of the hand, once lifting her arm weakly in august benediction upon the great order that is her monument on earth. On May 25, the feast of the Ascension, she passed to her reward. She was buried at Conflans, where her body was found intact in 1893.

Many sayings of Madeleine Barat are recorded, but there is one (which may or may not be her own) that might well be written in letters of gold and hung in every place where men and women concern themselves with the things of the spirit, be it religion, art, or letters. "The word is best that is nearest the thought—the thought is best that is nearest the soul—the soul is best that is nearest God." This seems to be the one perfect—the one flawless "aesthetic" ever bequeathed to us by experience. It does not weaken its authority, in my opinion, that she who bequeathed it was a woman and a saint.

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ANATOLE FRANCE IS NOT FRANCE

I. THE WRITER

By JULES BOIS

THE time has come to speak of Anatole France, in a judicious spirit, and to endeavor to discover the verdict posterity will pronounce upon him. At the moment of his death, the warfare about his fame raged too vigorously for justice to be done; outside of France praise was sometimes carried too far; while among some literary groups of Paris, he was too much undervalued. There are certain things to be said of this writer, which may seem new because they are candid. Our purpose is to examine his work from three points of view, in order to understand him, first as a writer, without paying much attention to his ideas; then with regard to his moral influence, and finally as to his fundamental teaching—the message he tried to convey to his country and to the world.

The spirit which was incarnated in Anatole France, especially in the second period of his life, was less that of his country than the strange moral condition preceding the great cataclysm. It was a sort of dionysiac dance on the crater of the volcano—the first fumes of which, before the eruption, intoxicated certain intelligences and hearts in nearly every part of the world—an urge to break laws, to defy religions and morality; a liberation of our subconscious complexes which Freud later undertook to render scientific. The Mephistopheles lurking in the innermost recesses of the soul, the demon who chuckles and drives his victims to sad voluptas, was let loose in literature, which paved the way for the terrible lesson of 1914. This Mephistopheles, the French nation had already rejected, at the time his influence was near to prevailing everywhere. Just as we wrote in 1910, in the preface to l'Humanité Divine, "the France which thinks and wills, is no longer garroted by the evil magicians of yore, who by scorning the sap of genius quenched the flame of victory; for the same energy nourishes both." In fact, modern France had long since broken with epicurean dilettantism, and nihilism. When the war broke out, we had a philosophy of courage and a literature of action. Had we been sceptics, materialists and hedonists, we should not have survived the great shake-up. The exact opposite was the fact. The heroic uprising for our defense changed for the time being the attitude of Jerome Coignard's father, who was like most of us—better at heart than in his outward expression.

My relations with Anatole France were always cordial. I had the honor of being associated with him on various literary committees—notably that of the Bourse Nationale de Voyage, which annually awards a prize for the best book, poem or novel, produced by a young writer. One of my books contains some conversations we had on "the problem of l'Au delà et les Forces Inconnues." Because of the views expressed by him, the document stands alone. I have studied his most important works conscientiously. My opinion of him has never changed. I have not flattered him, discussing sympathetically his ideas and his literary manner. Though disagreeing upon vital points, I believe I never gave him offense.

From the very beginning, let us say without hesitation, France is a land of faith. We are a serious people, though on the surface gay and ironic. With us beliefs are not only vivid but vibrant. Not that we are always in agreement as to *what* one must believe —but in any case we are in agreement *that* we must believe. How often has France been rent asunder by political and religious antagonisms, as violent as they were sincere! Our so-called sceptics have not been among the least vehement in their determination to have their opinion triumph. Now Anatole France—whether one sees in this an occasion for admiring or criticizing—is perhaps the most notable exception to the rule, which is peculiarly ours, that one should be serious in his convictions, whatever those convictions may be. Anatole France believed in nothing, not even in his own doubt.

To borrow a figure from geometry, our culture describes not a circle but an ellipse. I mean that it has two foci, one of which we may call eager and constructive faith; the other, a spirit of mordant criticism, but a criticism which, after having destroyed, intends also to be in its own way constructive. Nevertheless the former in the main stands for affirmation, and the latter rather for negation. Why is it that foreigners insist upon finding the representatives of France in the second group, while almost entirely overlooking the first?

The greatest Frenchmen have been affirmers. At the head of our great classic century stands Pascal, who shows us how to pass at a bound the limitations of reason and scale the heights of Faith. Racine was the pious dramatist of Athalie and Esther, before dying in penitence and prayer. Corneille, whose masterpiece is Polyeucte, translated the Imitation of Christ and upheld Christian duty in the struggle with passions and interests. Bossuet, doctor of the Church and historian of incomparable power and sweep, initiated a long series of sacred orators—Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Fléchier, Massillon, reaching down to our own day. To Chateaubriand we owe the rebirth of Christianity in Europe, after the arid winter of En-

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cyclopaedism. Lamartine, the swan of Saint-Point, sang the Crucifix. Alfred de Musset, the prodigal son of romanticism, rhymed l'Espoir en Dieu. The greatest romancer of the nineteenth century, Honoré de Balzac, was a believer. To his Catholicism he owed his profound knowledge and insight into the human heart.

Although they were not fundamentally Christian, nobody could honestly range Hugo and Michelet among the sceptics. They clung to idealism and maintained a proud creed. If they were living today, they would be the first to protest against the recognition of a sceptic as the intellectual king of France. I have scarcely space to mention that remarkable host of great writers and thinkers, Christians either by birth or conversion—Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, Gratry, Veuillot, Huysmans, Coppée, Bourget, Boutroux, Barbey d' Aurévilly, Brunetière, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the Verlaine of Sagesse, the Claudel de l'Annonce faite à Marie. . . . I cannot record all, even some of the best, but I cannot omit that misunderstood Villon, whose ribald ballads are always cited, while so many forget his delightful canticle to the Holy Virgin. . . Our country has not only been saved, but made, by a virgin—martyr for her God and for her race; we are the sons of Saint Joan of Arc.

Let us now consider the other focus of the ellipse symbolizing our culture; the focus of criticism and satire wrongly termed scepticism. In the eyes of an observer who sees further than the superficial aspect, it is an obvious mistake to place Anatole France in the dynasty of Montaigne, Rabelais, Voltaire, Bayle, Renan, who, moreover, are not the most genuine representatives of their country. They were, at least, believers of another kind, generally fighting the actual beliefs to replace them by others more adequate to their conceptions of society.

I am the first to detest Voltaire's blasphemies and sarcasms, still it would be an injustice to the author of Candide to consider Anatole as his intellectual grandson. The old Arouet believed in God and the progress of mankind; he knew how to take the risks and to battle for his convictions—for he had convictions, though generally wrong ones. For their sake he bore royal disfavor and the bastonnade, lived in exile, and was imprisoned in the Bastille while the only trial of Anatole was—I believe I voice his opinion—to belong to the Academy, a Bastille from which he escaped soon after his election. Voltaire abhorred the canaille, which Anatole flattered in his communistic harangues. As for Renan, he always preserved the dignity and measure not maintained by his would-be grandson. He never undermined the foundations of morality and the state. Anatole put on Renan's slippers and shuffled them into the clubs of the populace. For the discreet and perfidious irony of his master, the disciple substituted buffoonery and coarse laughter.

Emerson is responsible for having classed Montaigne among the sceptics; but if a sceptic there be, Emerson himself is more of one than was the Perigordian gentleman. The latter never shook off the yoke of his native religion; he was too clever to be decoyed by prejudices and vanities; but he remained a good Christian, and wrote in his essays, on prayer, and especially on the Lord's Prayer, pages of a piety as informed as moving. Rabelais whose humor was immoderately loose, ridiculed principally the pedantic science of his time, often bereft of conscience. Bayle had a narrow and sectarian spirit, yet he was wholeheartedly humanitarian. Between those gigantic battering-rams, and the jocose fifer of Vers Les Temps Meilleurs, there is an abyss.

Thus, Anatole's influence has been more exotic than national. Since his first publications, generations of young writers have come and gone; all were unmoved by his bookish graces. Youth is always in search of something new and vital; and it cares little for a mixture of the eighteenth-century story-tellers, Condillac's psychology, and nonchalant philosophy of Renan, seasoned with communistic red pepper, and Voltaire's salt adulterated by time. Whether symbolist, mystic, impressionist, cubist or dadaist, youth is always carried away on the tide of immediate life, escaping from the school and the library. Youth creates by and for itself its own garden, whether the style of this garden be ugly or exquisite; in any case, it despises artificial hot-houses, particularly when crowded by anthological flowers.

However, I refrain from endorsing without reservation the cruel pronunciamentos of temerarious urchins, quoted by the erudite Mr. Ernest Boyd. "This rose-water scepticism," exclaims one of them, "this cheap perfection of style, represents to me all that is worst in literature. I fled in terror." A brilliant pencil satirist, Mr. André Rouveyre, wields a pen no less scathing—"Anatole France is," proclaims Mr. Rouveyre, "the last and most perfect type of what seems to us most out-of-date. He is the witty trifler. . . the elastic man whose curves are soft, the image of instability. . . a rhetorician to the marrow of his bones." And the new school agrees on this point—"The time has passed for such servile copyists."

In defense of Anatole France we have only to recognize that he did not shrink from using the material of others. He selected well, and in this respect, displayed good taste, but incontestably he did not possess the creative power; the world he saw only through old engravings, or the printed vision of his predecessors.

Mr. Emile Morel, as well as a number of others, has enlightened us as to the "sources" of the literary or "romanesque" works of Anatole. Scholastica for instance, one of the gems of the Etui de Nacre, has been taken almost without a single change from the

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Chronicles of Saint Gregory of Tours. The only excuse brought forward by the modern writer was that "Gregory of Tours had taken it probably from some older hagiographer." The death of Madame Bouquey first came from the pen of Mr. Arnaud Ducos. La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque revamps Le Comte de Gabalis—a too little-known masterpiece of the Abbé Montfaucon de Villars, and adopts Le Compère Mathieu of Canon Dulaurens. The characters, situations, ideas, and at times whole paragraphs, have been utilized. These documents "are striking," they are indeed "pièces à conviction," remarks James Lewis May, in his book, The Man and his Work. I am not ascribing any extraordinary importance to these identifications, for Shakespeare and Molière, "took their own wherever they found it," but—and this is the point—they always improved on the material of their forerunners. Such is not always the case with Anatole France. Though written before Thais, Flaubert's Salammbo and Gautier's Roman de la Momie, are far superior to Thais.

So we are led to adopt the well qualified opinion of a distinguished novelist, Edmond Jaloux, who declared in Les Nouvelles Littéraires "no one was less a romancer than he." In fact, he was forever repeating himself when he was not recalling his classics. Bergeret, Dr. Trublet, Jerome Coignard, Nozière, Jean Servien, Jacques Tournebroche, etc.,—all were but different masks for the same visage! Even his fictitious animals he compelled to resemble him. Witness Le Chien Riquet. . .

He wrote convincing pages on the high rôle played by the imagination but was almost powerless to kindle this secret fire and carry it into his writings. A charming man of society, a sparkling conversationalist, expert at making erudition magnetic by its illuminating contact with life, he lacked, none the less, the gift of warm sympathy—not to be confounded with urbanity—which is the golden key opening the secrets of the universe, and the talisman which enables us to move out of ourselves. Sympathy, in its quasi-divine acception, was not in him, whereas it overflowed in Shakespeare, Racine, Dickens, Alphonse Daudet, and Dostoievsky.

This innate poverty, which he wreathed in artificial roses, discloses itself even in small details; never was he able to find new ephithets; his style, though full of grace and naturalness, remains neutral and pale. We only apprehend there a music, or a combination of rhythms which our ears have previously listened to. He thought "red" (I mean as a Red at the end of his life) but wrote "white," according to the standard of whiteness uniformly spread over museum statues, scrupulously scoured and freshened up. While Saint-Simon, La Bruyère, Goncourt, Flaubert, Huysmans, bequeathed to their grand nephews a richer, suppler and more picturesque vocabulary, he left the French literary style in the same condition in which he found it. He has been a maintainer, a mainteneur, to use the expression of Maurice Barrès. He profited by the past and the present, but to them added nothing that was really his own, neither in style, nor for the benefit of the various "genres" to which he was addicted. Never an inventor nor an innovator, but as G. H. Rosny aîné himself a creative artist has put it, France was an "arrangeur."

Was he a classic, as his devotees would have him? No, he was not; for no one is a classic in his own days, who is destined to become one later on. While alive, a classic is never known as such, because he appears to be a dissenter. Though fundamentally faithful to the immortal tradition, which spontaneously he renews, he tears down formalities and conventions; his originality makes him stand apart. In the art of writing he seems to break with the past to enrich the future. A classic should not be confused with a library-custodian.

I would indeed prefer to praise him for his elegance, his smooth correctness, the faultless way in which he plays upon the strings of his instrument, without ever striking a false aesthetical note when his muse is not defaced by sarcasm and libido. Had he not been represented not only as the greatest living writer, but as the greatest of all writers, I would not have marked his deficiencies; but to be great, and above all the greatest, and the typical Frenchman, is not by any means the same thing as to excel in gracefulness and frivolity, and to have adapted a refined culture to the level of the mediocre. Even if we would concede that he played most exquisitely upon the keyboard of the French language, we are compelled to acknowledge that he never drew from his instrument that something more, "the Orphic sound" whereby real masters reach all that is best and highest in us, awakening our divine and immortal spark. This, doubtless, is the fundamental thought which a Frenchman expressed when he stated that Anatole France "lacked the innate originality which might contain the profound spiritual fire of this epoch," and what Mr. Stuart P. Sherman meant when he declared—"the death of this 'greatest living man of letters' leaves quite unmoved certain depths of our nature."

Why did such an incompleteness maim a writer and thinker so gifted at birth by all the fairies of intellect and wit? There is an answer to this puzzle. This limitation of Anatole France's scope and art, his handicap that kept him a magician of letters, a jeweller of words, and a charmer of our instincts, we shall explain in dealing with the immoralist and nihilist that he unfortunately was.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO?

V. THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

BEFORE writing this last article of mine on Mexico, I saw in the street a newsboy selling copies of the Omega, a popular local paper, and even from a considerable distance I could see the enormous headline that ran across the front page—"The Political Resurrection of the Catholics." The reference is, I take it, to the defeat of Don Gilberto by the National League for the Defense of Religion. But, even apart from that, there has undoubtedly been a political resurrection of the Catholics here.

They are now, for the first time, turning their attention to social questions; and Father Mendez Medina has formulated a general program of Catholic social action on the lines of the French Action Sociale, and in accordance with the principles laid down by Popes Leo XIII, Benedict XV and Pius XI. There has also been established a National Catholic Federation of Labor, and even a body which has drawn up a program of "Catholic syndicalism." Catholic organizations have been formed to defend the rights of workmen. There is a Catholic Women's League; and this reminds me that, in the National League for the Defense of Religion of which I spoke in my last article, there are many women members, of whom the president is one. There is an Association of Young Catholics, there are Knights of Columbus, and there are other Catholic organizations.

The pastorals of Monseigneur Mora y del Rio, the aged Archbishop of Mexico, are in every way excellent—strong, pious, logical, unanswerable—and on the thirty-second anniversary of his episcopal consecration, which took place recently, His Lordship was the recipient of such warm congratulations from all the Mexican episcopacy and all the Mexican clergy, that even the most anti-Catholic observers here have had to dismiss from their minds the very word "schism;" for though the word is used, the thing it represents does not exist. The Archbishop intended to visit Rome this year; but in view of the persecution which has been unloosed against the Church, neither he nor any of the Mexican hierarchy will leave the country in 1925.

The Mexican clergy are, therefore, firm. So are the laity. Indeed I have never seen greater piety among any people than I have seen here. March 19 was the Dia Eucaristica—a day of atonement and penitence; and the crowds at the churches as well as the decorations in the streets showed that Mexico is as loyal to its religion as ever it was. I was particularly impressed by the charity of the people to beggars and the poor; by the piety of the Indians, and by the number of shops wherein religious objects were sold. As I shall show later, the poor Indian is, owing to a natural instability of mind, the weak point in this great country; nevertheless he is completely Catholic.

The Indian is the weakest point in Mexico and in all Latin America. The whole Mexican problem centres on the Indian. Spain converted the Indians. The Pilgrim Fathers slaughtered them like vermin. Lequel des deux a raison? There are now 345,000 Indians left in the United States, and none of them has a vote. Out of a total population of 15,000,000, Mexico has 6,000,000 Indians, and 8,000,000 mestizos or half-castes; and the government of the country is in the hands of a mestizo clique which uses the name of the ignorant peon as an excuse for its tyranny just as the Bolsheviks use the name of the illiterate muzhik as an excuse for their tyranny. Every peon is supposed to vote; but not 50,000 people voted in all Mexico at the last election, though elaborate reports were drawn up to show the heavy poll there had been in all the states of the republic. Those reports were bogus. They had all been concocted by President Calles's friends in the government offices here in Mexico City.

Some races are made for empire. Some are not. The Malays, for example, were not—though they were great sea-rovers who knew every island between Madagascar and Borneo. Nor are the Negroes nor any of the red Indian races made for empire. To prove that point, one has only got to take the map of Latin America and to ask oneself which republics there are at the top of the scale, and which at the bottom. At the top we have Argentina; at the bottom Haiti—and Mexico comes close after Haiti. Those that have practically no Negro or Indian blood in their ruling clique, are well ruled. The more Negro or Indian blood they have, the worse they are governed. Mexico's only hope is, therefore, to be ruled by her two or three million white men until, owing to immigration from Europe (a crying need in this country, though of course, the present government does nothing to encourage it) the Indian population is absorbed; or until by education the Indian has become capable of self-government in conjunction with white men. It is true that President Wilson's intervention in Mexico was based on his theory that the 12,000,000 Indians and half-castes were "downtrodden." In other words, they were not allowed to vote. But I understand that the Negroes who form the majority of the population, say in Tennessee, are not allowed to vote. When white men again get control of Mexico's destiny—and their time will certainly come—they must not try

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to enslave the peon as they did in the time of Diaz. That way also lies destruction. They must patiently try to improve the position of the peon and, above all, to educate him.

There must be something in the stories we used to hear in the time of Porforio Diaz of peons who were in a state of practical slavery on the haciendas. If there was any basis for those stories, then the present troubles which affect Mexico are in some degree due to the upper classes themselves—just as Bolshevism was in some degree due to the Russian landlords who did not give the ex-serfs enough land, because they wanted them to be compelled to work also on the land belonging to the nobility. Had the Russian Czars and the Russian nobles solved this question equitably, there would have been no agrarian question in Russia, and probably no Bolshevism. Had the Mexican peons been better treated and better educated in the time of Diaz, we should not now, perhaps, have the Sonora gang in control of the country. But, in justice to the upper-class Mexican, it must be admitted that the case of the Mexican native is far the more difficult of the two—for whereas the Russians, peasants and landlords, all belong to the same race, a profound gulf separates the descendants of the Castilian invaders from these Aztecs and other mysterious tribes whose origin is wrapt in such impenetrable mystery, and whose mass mentality is so decidedly different from that of Europe. In both cases the neglect of easy-going but well-intentioned men to settle an admitted grievance, led to ill-intentioned men being provided with the opportunity of using that grievance as a battlecry; of utilizing it for their own selfish political purposes, and not at all for the benefit of the sufferers.

As for the Constitutionalists of whom I promised to speak in this article, (and who, by the way, destroyed the Constitution in 1917) Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, the wife of an American Ambassador to Mexico, thus described them before President Wilson had placed them in possession of Mexico City—

> The churches are full to overflowing. Men, women, and children of all strata of society are faithful in the discharge of their duties. In these sad days, how contrasting the tales of sacrilege in the rebel territory! Five priests were killed and three held for ransom in Tamaulipas last month; a convent was sacked and burned and the nuns outraged; a cathedral was looted, the rebels getting off with the old Spanish gold and silver utensils. What kind of adults will develop out of the children to whom the desecration of churches and the outraging of women are ordinary sights; who, in tender years, see the streets red with blood, and property arbitrarily passing into the hands of those momentarily in power?. . . It is a bitter fruit the next generation will bear. Let him who can, take; and him who can, hold—is the device the Constitutionalists really fly.

President Calles belonged to the rebel gang which behaved as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy describes, so that it is no wonder he is now attacking the Church.

He is also attacking the whole institution of property—just as the Russian Bolsheviks are doing. The confiscation of oil properties is provided for in the Constitution of 1917; and to enable the President to expel Americans whose property the Mexican government desires to confiscate, article 33 of the same constitution confers on the President the "exclusive right to compel any foreigner whose presence he may deem undesirable to abandon national territory immediately, and without the necessity of previous trial."

The nationalization of land and the distribution of the estates of the landowners among the peons, without compensation, is doing as much harm both to peasants and landlords as the nationalization policy of the Bolsheviks has wrought in Russia. For example, the once prosperous state of Morelos now looks as if it had just been ravaged by an invading army. Since the Communist experiment began, the population has fallen from 175,000 to 90,000; the production of white sugar has fallen from 50,000 tons a year to nothing at all; the crops of rice and corn are one-tenth of what they were in 1910; and the state has been left entirely without cattle.

Mexico, formerly able to supply itself with corn, flour, grain, eggs, and milk, is now obliged to import these articles of food from the United States. This position is so terrible and so unnatural that, despite his great prudence and reticence, the American Ambassador felt himself compelled to speak publicly about it here a few days ago. Finally, President Calles incites and supports strikes exactly as he incited and supported "Patriarch" Perez. Take the recent strike on the tramways, an English concern. Only 27 percent of the men went on strike, so that, legally, the strike should not have been recognized. But those 27 percent belonged to the Red Labor Union which Calles supports; and Calles supported them on this occasion; in fact, it was he who incited them to strike. Mr. Conway, the English manager of the company, refused to give in—for he regarded the men's demand as unjustifiable, especially as that demand was put forward only by a minority. What did the President do? He bluntly ordered Mr. Conway to give way to the men in forty-eight hours or else the government would at the expiration of that time, take over the tramways and the electric power station, and expel Mr. Conway from Mexico. Mr. Conway gave way, and all the tramway employees are now members of the Red Labor Union, which formerly numbered only 27 percent of them. To crown all, the men asked for payment of their wages during the time the strike lasted. Mr. Conway refused, and the matter was referred to the President for arbitration. The President instantly decided in favor of the men. In labor questions, therefore, President Calles's policy is exactly what it is in religious questions.

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HUXLEY AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

JUST one hundred years ago this May, Huxley commenced his strenuous, even stormy career, and it is not fitting that such a date should be passed over without some glance at the man and his attitude towards the Catholic Church. I knew Huxley well by sight, for when he was studying botany at the Royal College of Science in London many years ago, under Thistleton Dyer, Huxley used frequently to rush through the botanical laboratory presumably to discuss some matter with his colleague. His was a leonine face—pugnacity and perfect confidence in his own opinion, written in every line of it.

No one ever more certain than he that what he believed was the right belief, he was a man whose honesty was such that he could own up to a mistake, disagreeable as such a step must be to any man—especially such a one as Huxley. The leading example of this is of course the celebrated case of Bathybius. Examining the materials brought back by the Challenger expedition, Huxley thought that in a certain viscous substance which he found in the specimen bottles, he had come upon the simplest form of life existing in the depths of the sea. Hence he named it Bathybius, with the second name of Hackelii taken from that of a man of science then occupying a much higher pinnacle in the temple of fame than was afterward his own lot.

The so-called living substance was soon shown to be merely a chemical precipitate caused by the spirit in which the specimens were preserved, and Huxley at once acknowledged his mistake. But his self-confidence was always great, and it will be remembered that he thought himself capable of a controversy with Mivart, though ignorant of the terminology of scholastic philosophy, of "tearing the heart" out of the very difficult works of Suarez "in a summer afternoon." With all this let us not forget that Huxley towered above the rank and file of the writers on evolution of his day—Darwin, of course, excepted—and even there the disciple was a much clearer thinker than the prophet, who often missed the mark for want of a philosophical mind and any philosophical training. Huxley was not the kind of man to hold, as the camp-followers of the Darwinian army did, that evolution disposed of creation. Huxley wrote—

> It seems to me that "creation" in the ordinary sense of the word, is perfectly conceivable. I find no difficulty in imagining that, at some former period, this universe was not in existence: and that it made its appearance . . . in consequence of the volition of some pre-existent Being. The so-called a priori arguments against theism, and given a deity, against the possibility of creative acts, appear to me to be devoid of reasonable foundation.

Again on the matter of miracles—dealt with in his remarkable little book on Hume—Huxley is careful to point out in a letter to John Morley—afterwards Lord Morley—the editor of the series in which the book was to appear, that he was "in entire agreement with the orthodox arguments against Hume's a priori reasonings" against them. And with regard to immortality in that famous confession of faith, or want of it, which he addressed to Charles Kingsley who had written to him to condole with him on the death of his son, he says—"I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it, but on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it."

In these quotations he reveals the attitude of mind to which he himself gave the now famous name of agnostic. When he joined that famous body of men, the Metaphysical Society, he says that "most of my colleagues were 'ists' of some sort or another," yet he himself was without tag of any kind. "So I took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic' . . . and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes." Huxley really betrayed a blinding prejudice when he was confronted by the Catholic Church—an organization which he never took the trouble to study or comprehend. Once, and only once, did he make any real research into Catholic matters, and on that occasion he out-Heroded Herod by taking up a more favorable position towards the Church than has been taken by most writers belonging to the Faith. This oddly enough was over Galileo, concerning whom he wrote to Mivart—"I looked into the matter when I was in Italy, and I arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it." That is far more than Fathers Gerard and Hull, to name two recent Jesuit writers on the subject, have claimed. But generally speaking, Huxley was dominated by what he believed to be, as his son and biographer puts it, "the necessary antagonism between science and Roman Catholic doctrine."

He was even capable of delivering himself of the ridiculous and most unphilosophical remark that to his mind one of the chief merits which attached to the theory of evolution was that it was in absolute opposition to the teachings of that implacable enemy of knowledge, the Catholic Church. One cannot help wondering whether his burly frame did not turn in its grave when Canon de Dorlodot's book was given to the world. Thus he and Darwin came into conflict with Mivart—surely the most wrong-headed controversy ever held.

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In polemic matters Huxley, like a little sturdy tug, dragged the heavier and far less eager Darwin into the region of strife. So it was here. Mivart brought out his very remarkable book, The Genesis of Species, with two objects. The first of these was to show as he did show—for thus the scientific world has now adjudged—that Darwin was wrong in attaching the importance which he did to the gradual accumulation of small variations as the method of the production of species.

Huxley had already told him that in private correspondence, but Mivart's criticism was, of course, public and very much to the point. Mivart's second object was to show that the doctrine of natural selection, and indeed that of evolution, were not in any way opposed to Catholic teaching. Let it be clearly understood that Mivart was the only person who came forward on the side of orthodox Christianity to support Darwin's main thesis. All the non-Catholic divines were in full cry against it, and their champion —never was a feebler selected—Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Oxford, known to his contemporaries as "Soapy Sam," received from Huxley such a trouncing at the British Association meeting at Oxford as seldom falls to the lot of any man.

Yet because Mivart ventured in the first part of his book to make a purely scientific criticism on the natural selection theory, Huxley and in his train, Darwin, could see nothing but religious bigotry and from that time forward pursued Mivart even to the extent of the famous row over an article by Darwin's son—a matter which need not be entered into here. Had Huxley—and Darwin under his persuasion—not been blinded by prejudice, they would have seen quite clearly that, briefly, Mivart was saying this—"I do not think you have fully made out your scientific points for such and such reasons, but on the other hand those champions of religion who are attacking you as an enemy of the Faith are all wrong, for there is plenty of evidence in the teachings of authoritative Fathers and others to support the main thesis of evolution." Had he not been blinded, Huxley would have seen, and perhaps even been grateful for that support—but then there is another consideration which cannot be left out of mind. By this time the controversy had become so heated that to lift a finger against any jot or tittle of the Darwinian depositum was to lay your whole lawless hand on the Ark of the Covenant, and that idea prevailed in connection with the entire house of Darwin.

If ever man represented his own Zeitgeist, that man was Huxley, for the mid-Victorian age was nothing if not cock-sure—just as the present is nothing if not sceptical, and constantly asking with Pilate—"What is truth?" Perhaps it would be fairer to say that Huxley was largely responsible for creating precisely that very Zeitgeist—for his writings, now read by few, created immense interest at the time and had myriads of readers. That was largely because Huxley could really handle the English tongue as few others could. He was a magnificent popularizer of knowledge, and above all things, as someone has said of him —"He made science respectable." Therein will be his abiding glory.

A COMMUNICATION

PROFESSOR BARNES AND GERMANY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It is rather disconcerting to find the intellectual organ of Catholics apply the epithet of "naïve" to the conclusions of a professor of history in one of our leading colleges, while it regards with profound reverence the off-hand suggestion of a superannuated after-dinner speaker on the subject of the world war. That the researches of Professor Barnes should have caused bewilderment and even profanity among people who were subjected for a decade to a most unscrupulous propaganda, is not to be wondered at—but that they should not be better appreciated by a paper like The Commonweal is cause for amazement. Some of our leading historians, like Professor Fay, do not consider Professor Barnes naïve—and even the New York Times has come to take his work quite seriously. As for the note of honest realism sounded by Mr. Depew, what else is it but the same old game of thwarting the legitimate aspirations of a people for the sake of expediency? In this case the scheme is to dismember the German people, so that an isolated Prussia might not at some future time find the means of righting the wrongs under which the whole of Germany suffers—as if such a game in the long run could be successful. The idea is not even new, but has been advocated by such men as Tardieu in the interest of French hegemony in Europe. This would bring us back to the happy days of the Holy Roman Empire of 1648—a consummation devoutly to be wished by French imperialists and approved of evidently by The Commonweal. But why should the German-speaking Prussians be isolated from the rest of the Germans, and why should Protestant Saxons be asked to join the Catholic Bavarians and Austrians against their wishes? Probably a separate Rhineland and a few more separate German states could be created, and all on the supposition that the Germans are the sole authors of the world war, and the only people that will ever make war—a supposition which fully deserves the epithet of naïve, and which has been so successfully exploded by Professor Barnes and others. It may be asked—"Why should not the German people have the right to form one nation?" For that right in our own case we fought one of the bloodiest wars in history, and were filled with resentment when our late Allies showed unmistakable sympathy with the efforts of the South to separate itself from a very uncongenial North. In each case it was to the interest of some nation that some other nation should be weakened. That is the honest realism which Mr. Depew regards as sane philosophy, while the honest search for truth, unpopular though it be, by a historian is termed naïve. If there were real anxiety to know the truth and to act on the basis of it, the peace treaty could be revised in accordance with justice and the desire for vengeance would then disappear. After all, peace is very largely a mental state.

ARTHUR J. F. REMY.

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POEMS

A House Divided

What he believed in mostly was a sort
Of negative alliance with some fate
Which, once accepted, we must serve or thwart—
A looker-on, a loiterer at the gate,
Who said, "Perhaps"—or "If such things could be,"
And then turned inward on his own distrust
To ask, "What profit a security
That comes to nothing but a pinch of dust?"

But he was sitting at Belshazzar's feast,
While God's bright angel stood between the sun
And that impending peril, his not least.
"A House divided is a House undone"—
The Hand had written, or had seemed to write . . .
And he was even lonelier from that night.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Endings

I thought it was my day:
Your fingers upon me;
But it was spring,
And running upward
The tree were
New-green leaves.

I thought it was you, coming:
Walking on the carpeted floor;
But it was my heart-steps,
Striding on the silence,
Stealing away.

I opened the door,
And greeted, you;
I received no answer:
It was the light, there.

LEON SERABIAN.

Harvest

I shall have nothing but my sorrow
When judgment comes, whenever that may be,
No fruit, no flowers, no sheaves—myrrh only,
And bitter as the sea.

Shall He regard me with stern anger
Finding what He shall find,
Or look with eyes that understanding
Pity makes blind?

I only know, there is nothing in my garden
That will grow—to the grave
I shall bring Him at last only my sorrow,
All that my life could save.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

The Lamplighter

Here to the leisured side of life,
Remote from traffic, free from strife,
A cul-de-sac, a sanctuary
Where old quaint customs creep to die
And only ancient memories stir,
At evening comes the lamplighter,
With measured steps, without a sound,
He treads the unalterable round;
Soundlessly touching one by one
The waiting posts, that stand to take
The faint blue bubbles in his wake;
And when the night begins to wane,
He comes to take them back again,
Before the chilly dawn can blight
The delicate frail buds of light.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

The Major Power

There they stand at either pole—
Life and Death, those lords of the soul.
Each holds a balance in his hand
To weigh my soul like a grain of sand;
But waiting on their awful nod,
I look beyond them and see—God.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

Arbutus

O blithe arbutus,
Would I were cool
As a flushed star,
Holding a dewy pool
Hidden by quiet leaves
On a rocky hill;
Would I were gentle
As buds lying still.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

Brother Tree

Sharp branched, little, silent tree,
Bent with strange intensity,
Could you trust your dream to me?

I would hold it in esteem—
I am not the thing I seem:
I, too, bend down with a dream.

MAY LEWIS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Tell Me More!

THE fortunes of the principal characters in Tell Me More are no more interesting or entertaining than in any one of twenty other musical comedies. In other words, Broadway is still panting for its own, up-to-date W. S. Gilbert, and is still wasting vast quantities of vocal and dancing talent on the most irritating banalities. But when it comes to musical scores, the tale is quite different. The music for Tell Me More is by George Gershwin. And Gershwin is not just another song writer.

One of our most popular and useless sports is to dissect the melodies of our jazz kings, dukes and barons, in the hope of discovering that they have lifted Annie Laurie or Home Sweet Home or perhaps Bach or Mozart, and more or less deliberately committed a sacrilege by ragging the rhythm into something new. No doubt this is the method of nine-tenths of our jazz factories. But what of it? A melody has much the same relation to music that a theme has to the plot of a play. Melody is only a starting point not particularly interesting in itself. If you have any doubt about this, listen to an unaccompanied violinist. Even with his melody worked out, and with rhythm and sequence added for good measure, his effect is thin and almost colorless. The pointing up of the rhythm by the accompaniment and the added security and depth of the particular harmonies used, gives the piece its final value and interest. I, for one, can see no more harm in a composer restating an old melody in terms of jazz, than in a playwright restating the themes of Greek tragedy or comedy in the terms of seventeenth-century Europe, in the manner of Shakespeare —or of nineteenth-century Nebraska or New England, in the manner of the moderns.

What is more, the discovery that so and so has used a melody of Beethoven to provide an entertaining evening for relaxed business men and tired society leaders, is about as academic and unimportant as discovering that Bernard Shaw's comedies have something in common with Aristophanes. The final result is not a degradation of the old material, but something new and complete in itself—just as much as a new fruit created by Luther Burbank. You may not like it as well as the older product, or you may like it far better—but in either case, you are actually listening to something new. You may think the modern composer less of an all around genius for having borrowed his initial melody instead of creating a new one, but you can't escape the fact that by adding his comment to the old, he has made it no longer old, but new—and to a large extent, his own.

Now I have no idea whether Gershwin borrows old melodies or not. If he does, it may be conscious or unconscious. But the final result is so typically and intimately his own, that it makes no serious difference. Within the limits of the jazz idiom he is something of a genius. Given a good librettist to work with, I am sure he could do as effective work today as Arthur Sullivan in the gilded days of the London Savoy.

The Princess Ida Experiment

DISCUSSING partnerships is great fun. And the chief part of the fun is the fact that it is endless. Whether it is Potash and Perlmutter, or Weber and Fields, or Gilbert and Sullivan—you can always start an argument as to which is the important factor in the partnership; but you know in advance that you can never solve the riddle. When Lawrence Anhalt was bold enough to revive Princess Ida right across the street from The Mikado, anyone could have predicted the result—a new argument to prove that when Gilbert libretto was not up to scratch, Sullivan's music could not carry the load alone. For tradition states that Princess Ida was one of the least popular of the Savoy operettas, and that the cause was a mediocre Gilbert libretto.

Not being one of the inner and initiated circle, nor capable of reciting whole pages of Gilbert lyrics from memory, I lack the courage to be dogmatic on the question. I can only say quite simply that Sullivan probably never wrote more consistently delightful music than throughout the Princess Ida score; and that if Gilbert never wrote anything worse than its book, he is even more of a genius than I supposed. My personal suspicion is that the theme itself is not planted quite so close to the popular heart as several of the better known Gilbersullivan works. It is all about the higher education of women at that Amazonian moment in history when there was supposed to be a conflict between higher education and the rather simple matter of falling in love and getting married. It lacks the ever popular political satire of Pinafore or The Mikado. It also lacks something of the "as seen by everybody" glamor of Patience. It was probably a few years ahead of its time, just as today, in revival, it has proved a bit behind its time. Women's colleges today are part of the "as seen by everybody" life—but the stalwart feminism of Princess Ida has shifted into the political rather than the educational sphere.

Granted all this, however, Princess Ida is so good that if the growing impetus toward establishing a permanent Gilbertian theatre in New York gains practical support, this operetta should most emphatically be part of the repertory. To my uninitiated mind, the lyrics are quite as good as any that Gilbert wrote. The Anhalt production has shown, too, the immense value of actors who get at the inwardness of the Gilbertian mood. In the Mikado production, William Danforth is the only true Gilbertian. In Princess Ida, Detmar Poppen's Hildebrand, Albert Howson's Gama, and Rosamonde Whiteside's Melissa were all in the electrified mood. With a little more voltage, Bernice Mershon's Lady Blanche would be equally invigorating. All four should be stars of the proposed repertory theatre. Add a word for a chorus that can sing, and act, and make its words distinctly heard, and you can understand why Princess Ida gave me twice the sheer delight of the present Mikado revival.

The Gorilla

FORTUNATELY there is no end to mystery farces. I don't pretend to know who started the ball rolling. I rather suspect that someone grafted some Chesterton onto some Conan Doyle in a distant mental laboratory, and found the result good. All at once, Biggers's Seven Keys to Baldpate was in our midst. Since then, The Bat, The Bride, and no one knows how many others—some intentionally serious with a comic result, others supposedly funny with a tragic result, and a few just what their authors intended, with a triumphant result. I venture

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the prediction that twenty years from now, any author who can write a really good mystery play, or burlesque on a mystery play, will find a ready market and a delighted audience. The instinct to enjoy them is as old as the fairy tale and the ghost story. For the present moment, we have The Gorilla.

Ralph Spence must have had a gorgeous time writing The Gorilla. His state of mind must have been something like this—I am going to write a mystery burlesque that will show up the whole bag of tricks, show it up so obviously that everyone will see the machinery working; but, on second thought, I am going to keep a few tricks of my own in reserve—like the old parlor magician who in explaining how he did one trick, ended up with an entirely new one. This Mr. Spence has done.

Not a tried and true trick is left undone. Owen Davis tried to reach the same end in The Haunted House, but did not quite succeed. In The Gorilla, the lights go on and off a fabulous number of times. Radio is introduced to bring everything up to date—gas bombs, sliding panels, trap doors, secret cellars, smoke screens and a long list of other contrivances all play their part in spotlighting the impending gorilla. Is he man or beast? Does he exist at all? If not?—and so on, indefinitely and delightfully.

I think we generally fail to give full credit to the actors in this type of play. Where there is so much action and mechanical contrivance, we are apt to assume that the play acts itself. But to have it well done, and to maintain the illusion within the illusion—the point of that last reserve trick—demands a special talent, a certain grotesque seriousness, a heightened sense of farce. In this respect, Donald Gallaher, who makes his début as a producer, has done well. He has picked a more than adequate cast. Betty Weston, a young actress comparatively new to Broadway leads, allows herself to be victimized with admirable seriousness and horror. She is the only girl in the cast. Clifford Dempsey and Frank McCormack as the inimitable pair of detectives, Mulligan and Garrity, do a stunt worthy of the James Gleason technique. Robert Strange is imposingly in earnest, and then there is Harry Ward as Poe. If you don't know who Poe is, re-read The Murders in the Rue Morgue, and guess again. The Gorilla is high class and thoroughly entertaining hokum.

When Choosing Your Plays

Aloma of the South Seas—A grotesque and uninteresting play.
Cæsar and Cleopatra—A splendid production scenically, but unevenly acted.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Rosmersholm—Ibsen's morbid tragedy well acted.
The Critic—A capital production of Sheridan's lively comedy.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Mikado—Excellent revival.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

The School of Ambassadors, by Jules Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

OPPORTUNITY to review anything from the pen of Jules Jusserand is to be approached with reverence and diffidence, not lightly seized; with reverence for the gentle, kindly wisdom which informs his thoughts and saves him from the all too frequent easy cynicism of elderly diplomats; and with diffidence, too—for his masterly knowledge of our own literary fields and all their by-ways demands an adequacy in his reviewer which it is temerarious to assume.

There is ever new surprise and delight in the classic purity and deftness of English expression of this so typical son of France—typical in all save this one thing which is unique: that his English authorship makes him national also of any country where the English language runs—an integral part of the world of English letters.

Monsieur Jusserand's most recent volume comes to us since his retirement from active service at his post in Washington, where for so many years and with such conspicuous success he illustrated in his own person the principles laid down in the essay which gives title to the new collection—the twenty-six virtues expected of ambassadors, according to Bernard du Rosier, in the fifteenth century—"Veracious he must be, and upright; modest, temperate, discreet, kindly, honest, sober, just . . ." etc.

This gentle and illumined scholar, and active, far-seeing diplomat might have been, himself, the author of the preliminary to the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), which he quotes: "Let there be, for the salvation of the Christian republic . . . a Christian peace and a true and sincere friendship between the contracting parties . . . Let the past be forgotten and a perpetual amnesty be established for all that has happened since the beginning of the trouble." No colleague of Jusserand in the public service could ever deny him consistency to the motto—"Super omnia veritas," nor to Erasmus's precept—" . . . civilitas civilitatem invitat, aequitas aequitatem."

Very striking in this first essay, on ambassadors, is his sketch of the attempted "Family of Nations" (Christendom), predecessor of the League. Tracing down through antiquity the custom of interchanging legates in the interests of peace, he says—"Immense hopes were raised when that stupendous new régime was established in the world which had for its dogma no longer "any foreign nation is an enemy nation," but "love ye one another." The consequence was an attempt to form, in the midst of rampant barbarity and ferocity—of unspeakable sufferings and destruction—of falling empires and dying former day religions—a first grouping of all the nations of the world, or at least of the Christian ones, not in a league or society as we are trying now, but, for a wonder at such a period, a *family* of nations: love ye one another.

The father of the family, the ever-ready umpire, the peace maker, was to be the Vicar of Christ, the Pope. He wielded for a long time immense moral power, and though having neither fleets nor armies, he was not without some very forceful means of pressure such as the interdict and excommunication—distant counterparts of those other means of action, the interdiction of trade and the general prohibition of intercourse placed in our days at the disposal of the League of Nations. These he instituted without actual fleets or armies.

The prodigious attempt was a comparative success and a

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comparative failure; the sum total being, however, progress—with the introduction of the "truce of God," the efforts to localize wars, to suppress private ones, to settle disputes peacefully. God was admittedly the real Ruler of the world; Popes, holding their powers direct from Him, exalted themselves high above kings; hence the devising by kings of the theory of their own divine right, so as not to be too much out-distanced, and not to have to go any more to Canossa. They in their turn quoted Saint Paul—"Non est potestas nisi a Deo."

According to the preface of this volume the occasions of these nine essays "and an appendix" ("on the possible meeting of Chaucer and Petrarch") were of unrelated different sorts: some are public addresses; some are thoughts prompted by sojourn in "particularly lovable spots like the Auganean Hills or Ronsard's Vendômois," others again by personages in whom he is interested in history, whose real lives he traced at leisure when leisure was real, in the place where they lived, loved, toiled, died; or, as in Tennis, his curiosity is piqued by the change of name of the ancient game of French chivalry, "la paume," and through authors of many kinds he follows the mutation until (most unlikely of hiding places) he finds his definite clue, practically conclusive proof in the pages of the great Erasmus himself, in a lively colloquy set up to teach young people how to speak fluent Latin by translating into Latin the current games (collected in 1555) of as modern a ring as the annual Latin plays of Westminster Abbey School dealing with Lloyd George, railway strikes, vaccination, and the adventures of "Pragger-Waggers." Wherever he wanders—however far afield—from Petrarch's tomb and a lost city of the Gonzaza cadets—from Chaucer, and Ronsard, and tennis; to ambassadors, ancient and modern—however unrelated the occasions, the essays themselves are not. One begs to have discovered Monsieur Jusserand's secret; there is a thread on which his essays hang in harmony, for from any exploration always he comes back to Shakespeare, his greatest literary love.

Each of the essays has its special charm, but perhaps of all of them the most important is—What to Expect from Shakespeare, for herein (delivered with a prologue of exquisite grace before the British Academy) is a new and real contribution to the great wealth of Shakespearian comment.

Again one is struck by the perfect understanding of the most typical, because most comprehensive, of Elizabethan Englishmen by one so typically French; an understanding closer than that of many modern English commentators, simple as the inarticulate though boisterous sympathy of Shakespeare's own contemporary, rough audiences for whom he wrote, "of artisans, shop-keepers, soldiers, servants, peasants come to town," with now and then, too, a supercilious great lord "or stray ambassador;" and one suspects from the spelling of such expressions as the "vexed Bermoothes" a familiar sprinkling of hearty sea-rovers, with the ring of Andalusian Spanish in their ears. Such audiences drew his best from Shakespeare because they loved him; and in him their own consciousness of things found sympathetic expression, though themselves capable only of the uncouth noises of the Globe Theatre, waiting perforce for students later to formulate the feelings of the crowd in polished phrases, among which stand preëminent those of a son of the hereditary enemy of Shakespeare's robust England.

What to Expect of Shakespeare, is very nearly summed up in this fresh thought—"The final result is that, strange as it may seem, he stands much nearer Aristotle than many of Aristotle's learned followers. The great philosopher did nothing but sum up the teachings of good sense and adapt them to Greek manners. The great poet did nothing but followed the teachings of good sense, as given him by his own sound nature, and adapt them to English wants. As both are men of genius, and both were excellent observers, the one thought and the other acted in similar fashion . . . For compelling hearts to expand, and making us feel for others than ourselves—for breaking the crust of inborn egoism, Shakespeare has, among playwrights, no equal . . ."

"With the masses," says Jusserand, "an increase of Shakespeare's influence is to be foreseen. His plays in their ensemble were ever accessible to the many, since it was for them especially that he wrote; but the higher beauties in his works, those which he put in simply because he could not help it, because they were commanded by his nature, and not because they were required by that of his hearers, will be more and more understood and enjoyed. Men's minds progress and improve . . . Let us not expect from Shakespeare what he cannot give; what he can, is enough and is of peerless value . . . untrammeled he stands—for men of letters, the model of trammel-breakers."

For this understanding of Shakespeare himself and of the crowds that helped to make him greater in future generations than in his own, lies perhaps also the secret of Monsieur Jusserand's place in English letters and part of the secret of his place in world diplomacy.

He closes his brilliant address by an anecdote allusive to Shakespeare's audiences, and we cannot do better than to apply it to himself—

"Leaving the Palace of Versailles at the hour of closure, I stood near a couple of obviously very poor and very tired country people. They had been looking for hours, and they were gazing still. 'Now you must go,' repeated the keeper, for the second time. 'Must we? Now? What a pity. It was all so beautiful.' Like every man leaving with regret Shakespeare's works after having admired what is highest and truest in them, these two surely went home better people."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Why I Am a Spiritual Vagabond, by Thomas L. Masson. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

IT is strange that, with the memory of Christ's blessing upon those who should gather together in His name, Mr. Masson, the author of the charming book, Why I Am a Spiritual Vagabond, should feel called upon to declare so emphatically, "The fact is that the churches must exist for the good they do to individuals, and when they fail in this, they fail altogether." Have we come to a time when the direct personal relation of the soul with its Creator must be restated in words of one syllable?

The spirit of the moderns is stronger in this Spiritual Vagabond than the souls of the greater mystics of the past—Evelyn Underhill and her English school loom larger in his system than the figures of Saint Augustine, Saint Theresa and other personages of classic mysticism. The sense of spirituality, however, seems to reveal itself in what is to us rather a tendency to the life of an eremite than to the vagaries of vagabondage. For Mr. Masson's inspiration is all from within—the Creative Power speaks to him in the silence and retirement of his heart—he takes the highroads and bypaths of men, but his soul—the one reality—sits cloistered with the mystical moolahs and rabbins, and not, as he seems to think, with the saints and sages of the Church.

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This misunderstanding and disregard of spiritual law and its implication of service of our fellow-man in connection with our own salvation, leads Mr. Masson unconsciously to such a statement—"It is a pity, however, that in order to safeguard its material structure, this church [the Catholic] should compel those who marry its communicants to sign off their future children to be Roman Catholics. This is un-American in that it delegates to a foreign ecclesiastical institution the power to restrict our liberties." The non sequitur here involved will be clear to any thinker, especially to anyone who accepts the institutions of Christ, the necessarily material basis that will hold them together and intact for the future generations, to whom it is the purpose of religion to hand down the faith, traditions and scripture, as it has done for the nineteen centuries that have preceded us in Christianity. That such a proceeding should seem "un-American" to any observer, especially a kindly one like Mr. Masson, seems equally strange when we remember that our duties are imposed upon us by God Himself and that the authority of the Universal Church merely adds its fiat to what any conscience, American or un-American, will ordain. If this is bigotry, as Mr. Masson declares, then we are in a parlous position and must seek another dictionary for a definition of nationality.

Apparently Mr.Masson objects to dependence, making a strange bracketing of Lourdes and its miracles with the cures of Christian Science. If one depends on God alone, one must also use one's brain to find, if possible, "God's way with the world," to that brotherhood of Christ, the communion of saints in the Church, suffering, militant and triumphant.

There are phases of the book, however, with which the declared Christian can heartily agree. Mr. Masson touches on the softness that is overcoming the American mind, and says that "lying in bed mentally is a growing national trait." We might amplify his remarks on the decline in church attendance, especially on these fine golf mornings, and extend them to the whole intellectual process of our lives. We will go to a dentist only for the most part when we must, or driven by a sense of the pains that will shortly ensue; and we will study our souls only when sickness, nerves and neurasthenias show signs of overtaking us. The divine blessing on him who devotes "the strength of his youth" to righteousness seems to be seldom appreciated before the coming of maturity and old age. A little more sense of the human tradition, of the communion of saints, the fellowship and service of our brother, the unselfish surrender of ourselves, and Mr. Masson's book would be a masterly product. As it stands it will make excellent reading, tonic and helpful for such hopeless vagrants in thought, and such disconnected personalities as make up too large a part of our present generation in America.

THOMAS WALSH.

CONTRIBUTORS

W. M. T. GAMBLE is an American historian, now residing in Germany.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN is the editor of the Dublin Magazine, and the author of Collected Poems.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

JULES BOIS is well known as a French author and lecturer, and a frequent contributor to American magazines.

REV. CHARLES L. O'DONNELL is the Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and the author of The Dead Musician, and Cloister and Other Poems.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON is the author of In Vivid Gardens, and Contemporary Poetry.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS and LEON SERABIAN are frequent contributors of poetry to current periodicals.

MAY LEWIS and DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY are new contributors to The Commonweal.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The windows of the Library were flung wide to welcome May. She had been rather elusive these recent evenings—sometimes sending April—and even March in her stead—although she well knew that she herself was scheduled to appear. This evening, however, she chose to be gracious, and the occupants of the Library sat in silence, listening for her soft breath. At length Dr. Angelicus stirred and spoke—

"Not that I ever doubted that spring poets were prolific," he murmured, "but today the realization was borne in upon me with great force."

"Oh—was it spring poems that fifty-ton truck was unloading before the door this morning?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"No, the realization was brought to me, not in a truck, but in one small envelope," replied the Doctor. "It contained a letter from a lady poetess. Would you like to hear it?"

The others nodded as the Doctor drew forth a salmon-pink envelope which he held gingerly, averting his nose.

" 'My dear Editor,' he read, 'I am sorry that today I am only able to send you the enclosed three verses. I have just moved to the country, and my trunk of poetry has not yet arrived.' "

"Is she a free versifier?" asked Hereticus.

"Oh, very free," replied Dr. Angelicus.

"Then, of course, the trunk is an Innovation."

* * *

"It has occurred to me," said Angelicus, touching the pile of spring novels that lay on the table at his elbow, "that from all these novels (each of which contains passages of merit mixed with passages of absolute twaddle) might be compiled one really good story."

The others looked puzzled.

"It would be very simple," went on the Doctor. "It would only mean taking out the best conversation, description and reflection, from each of the novels—throwing away the dross—

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and coördinating in one novel what was best in each. We might thus arrive at the missing link—in other words, the great American modern masterpiece."

With the expression of his idea in words, the Doctor became enthusiastic. Picking up a few of the novels, he thrust one into the hands of each of his obviously sceptical listeners.

"Now," he cried, "just to show you—we will play a game. You sceptics think that no logical sequence could be achieved in compiling such a book. I, on the other hand, feel that all writers of novels think approximately along the same lines. Let each of us open his or her book, picking at random any page. I shall begin first and read a sentence aloud—let the Editor continue with a sentence—then Primus Criticus—and so on around the circle. *I'll wager on a very plausible continuity.*"

And this is what Tittivillus, arrested in the game of marbles he was playing in a corner, heard—

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She strode up to him and grabbed him by the beard. He never recovered consciousness. "John, may I introduce you to your mother-in-law?" "Poor old bare-bones," he muttered, patting the beast. "I'm delighted that you are marrying a gentleman," said Lady Montmarsh. "Look out for your coat. Someone may steal it." "What can you expect of a century filled with politics?" "Where can I find the master of the modern school in literature?" asked the distracted critic. "A very rare variety of ass is found in Persia," she replied. He smashed his head against the mantelpiece. "How amusing you are," she smiled. "His hair grew long, and hung about his shoulders in ringlets. Two of the front teeth were missing, and a walrus moustache drooped from his upper lip," explained Dora. "I quite understand how he could turn any woman's head," replied her friend. "You say you love me," she cried. "Just what would you give up to win me?" "Six calico shirts, at 24 francs, four pairs of cotton hose at $1.25—and all my old shoes," he declared decisively. The wedding party proceeded up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn. "What splendid looking pallbearers," she whispered to her neighbor. "The price, Madame, is 25 cents." "Ah, I cannot spend all last week's salary on one thing." "I am little used to drink so much wine," he said apprehensively. "Were you not in Paris, then, during the war?" she asked. "I shall not embrace anyone during July," Anne declared firmly. "But it is very cool in the Adirondacks," he protested.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"No, no," cried the Editor, throwing down his book. No reader, Doctor, would swallow your recipe for literary hash."

"Literary hashish, you mean," muttered Primus Criticus sleepily.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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